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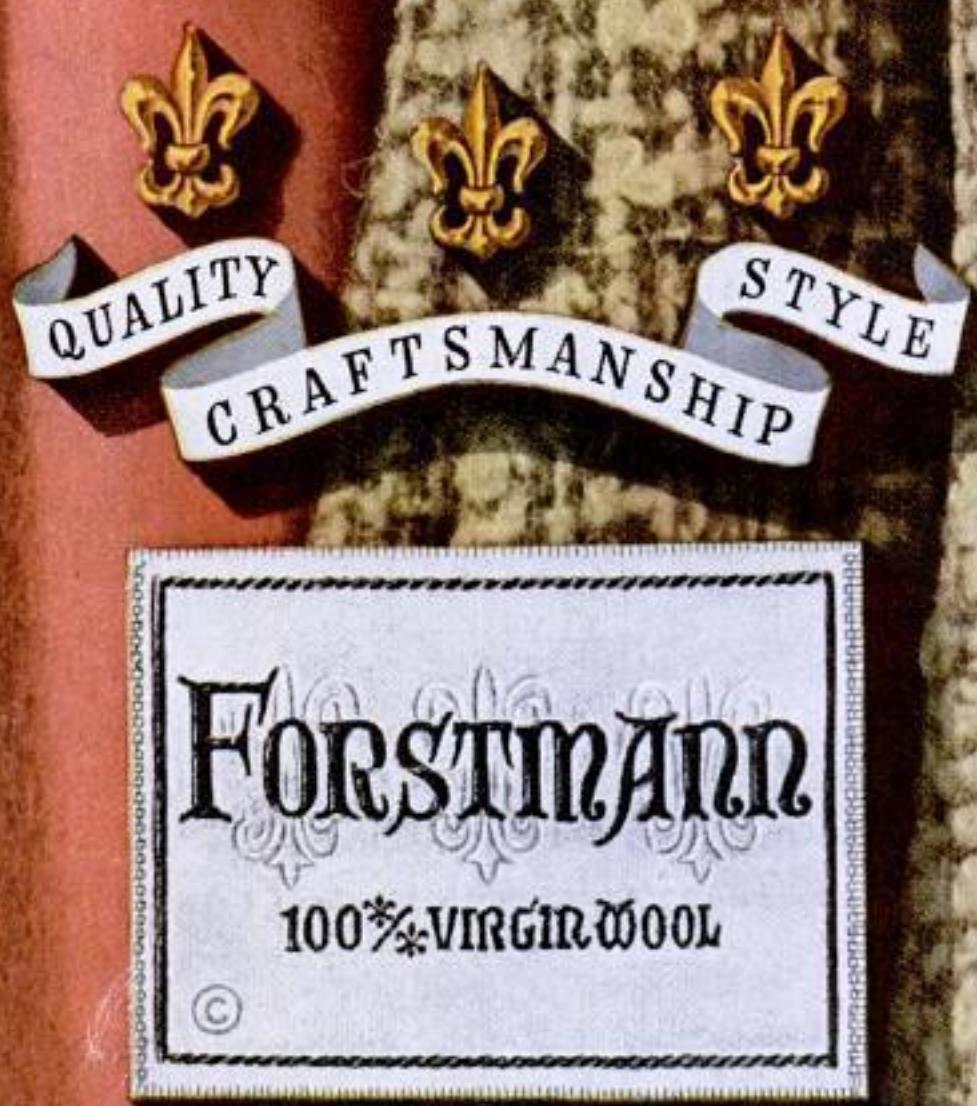
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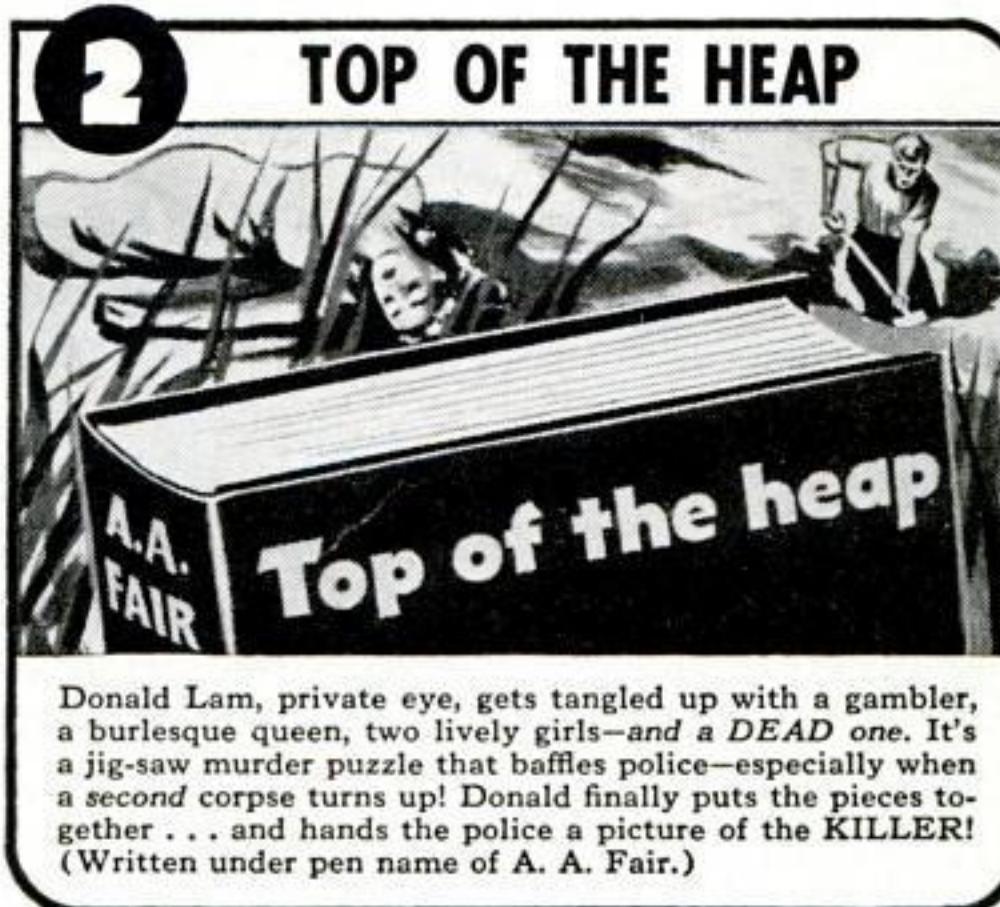
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Donald Lam, private eye, gets tangled up with a gambler, a burlesque queen, two lively girls—and a DEAD one. It's a jigsaw murder puzzle that baffles police—especially when a second corpse turns up! Donald finally puts the pieces together... and hands the police a picture of the KILLER! (Written under pen name of A. A. Fair.)



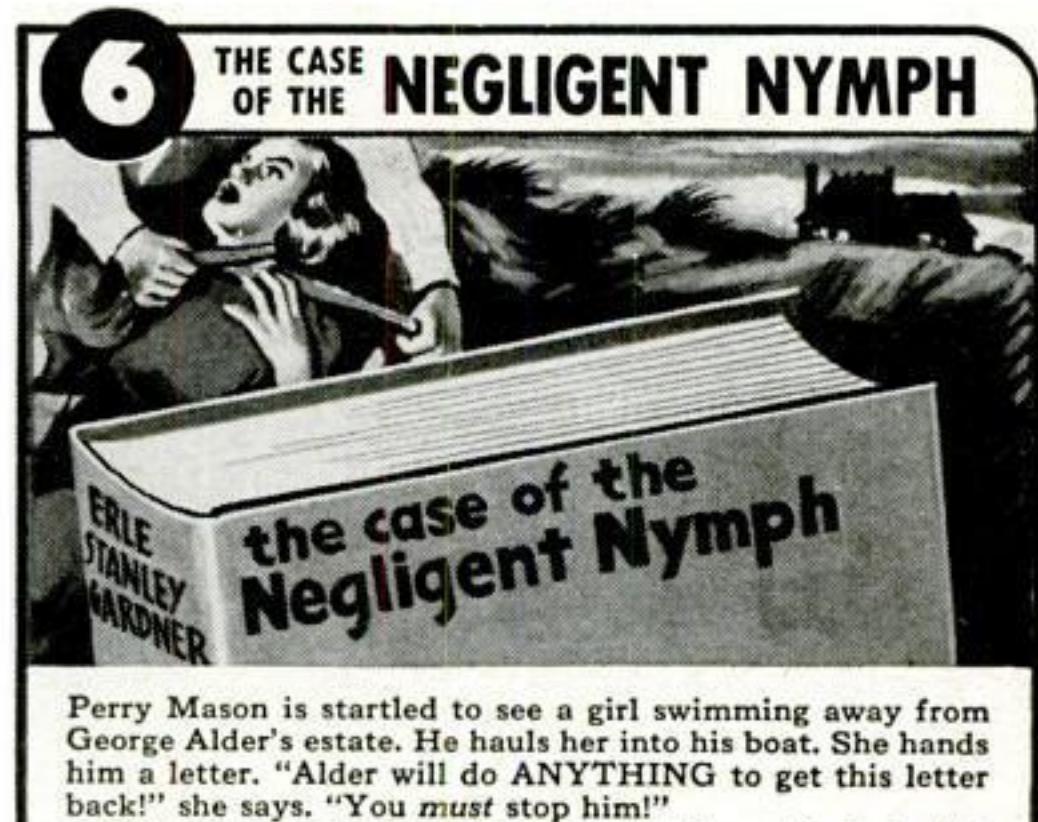
When Perry Mason picked up the phone a mysterious female voice said: "See Medford Carlin tonight. Tell him to get another partner. Matter of life and death!" But Carlin had never HAD a partner! Yet thirty minutes after Mason posted a detective in front of his house, Carlin was MURDERED! Then Mason finds... ANOTHER CORPSE!



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THE TOILET OF VENUS by Boucher was picture chosen to be drawn.



GAME PARTY was given by Frederick Allen (left) and Mrs. Allen, who held album so nobody could see picture

while she described it. On floor is Nina Foch. In white vest is Robert Osborn peeking at Russell Lynes's drawing.

## SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

Guests at new kind of game party produced these versions of Venus at her toilet

A new kind of pictorial parlor game has come up to bedevil or beguile New York party-goers this winter. It was evolved by Author Agnes Rogers, and almost anybody who visits her and her husband, author and *Harper's* magazine editor, Frederick Lewis Allen, is likely to be given a pencil, pad and set to work.

To start, Agnes Rogers secretly selects a reproduction of a painting, usually from an art

album. Then, without using gestures, she describes it in minute detail to the game players. As she talks, they try to draw it accurately, and are allowed to ask any questions. There is no time limit, drawings take from 15 to 50 minutes, and the fun comes when guests compare their works. People who don't know much about drawing often do best.

At a recent Allen party Boucher's painting,

*Toilet of Venus*, was the subject. The hostess's descriptions went like this, "Venus is sitting on a couch approximately in the middle of the rectangle. She wears nothing. Her right leg is outstretched and points down toward the right-hand corner. A dove is at her instep, a cupid at her left shoulder doing heaven knows what with her hair!" It took the guests 50 minutes to do their drawings, six of which are shown here.



PAINTER HENRY SCHNAKENBERG INDICATED MUCH VELVET BY WRITING IT IN



ACTRESS NINA FOCH WAS GOOD AT ANATOMY, HAD TROUBLE PLACING DOVES



EDITOR RUSSELL LYNES PICKED THE WRONG POSITION FOR CUPID AT LEFT



CARTOONIST ROBERT OSBORN DREW A FUNNY-LOOKING BUT USEFUL DOVE



MRS. RUSSELL LYNES SKETCHED A DAINTY VENUS AND CUDDLESOME CUPIDS



FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN DREW A MANLY AND EFFICIENT-LOOKING CHERUB

This One





MORNING?

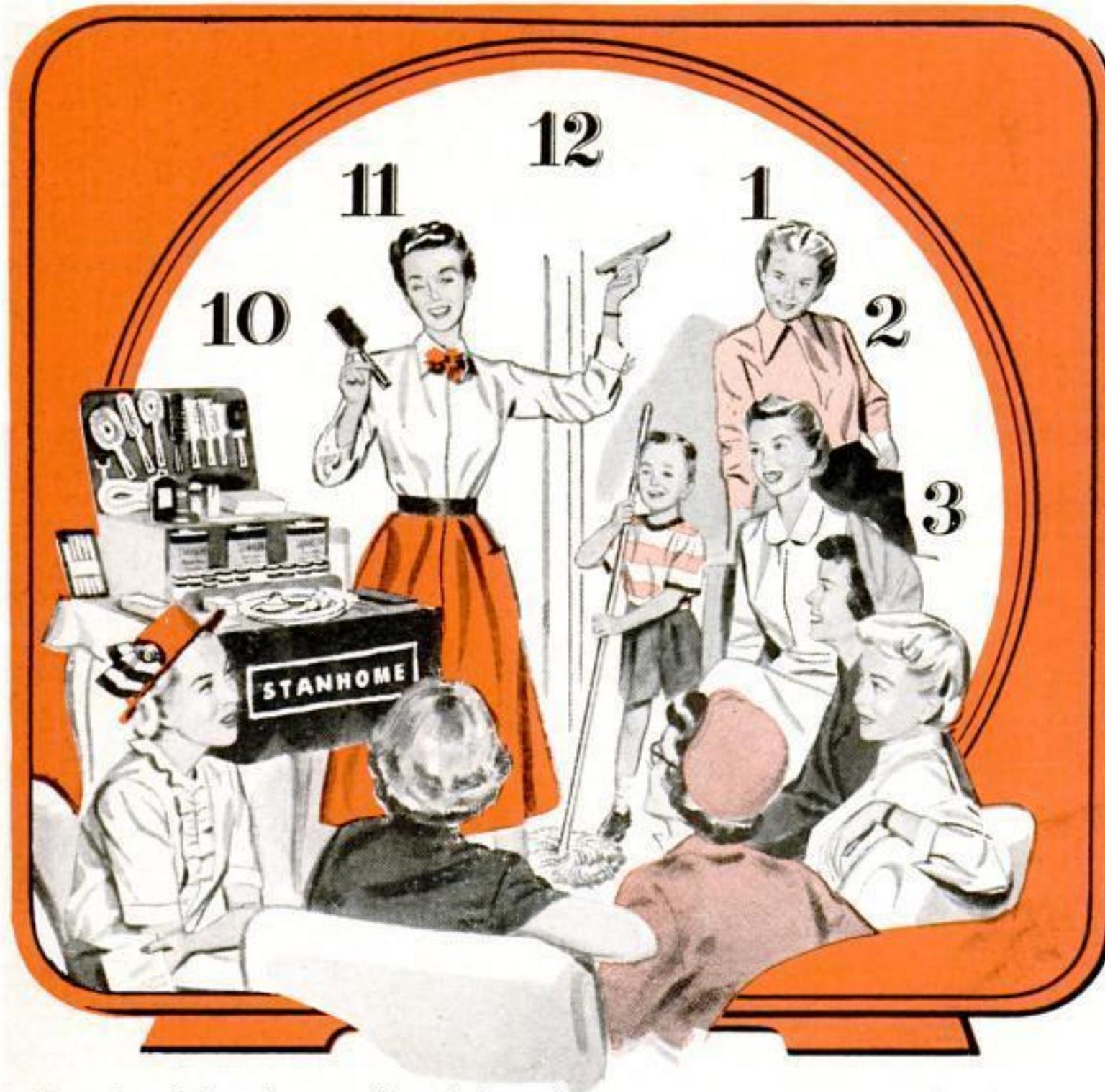


AFTERNOON?



NIGHT?

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**Skin Sufferers**

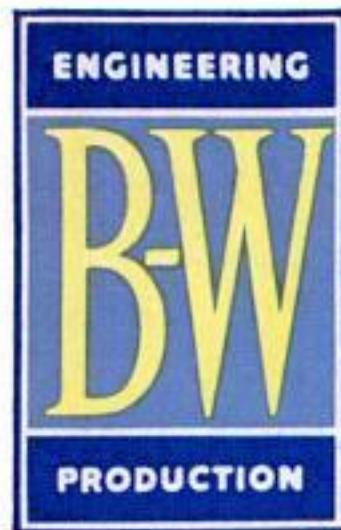
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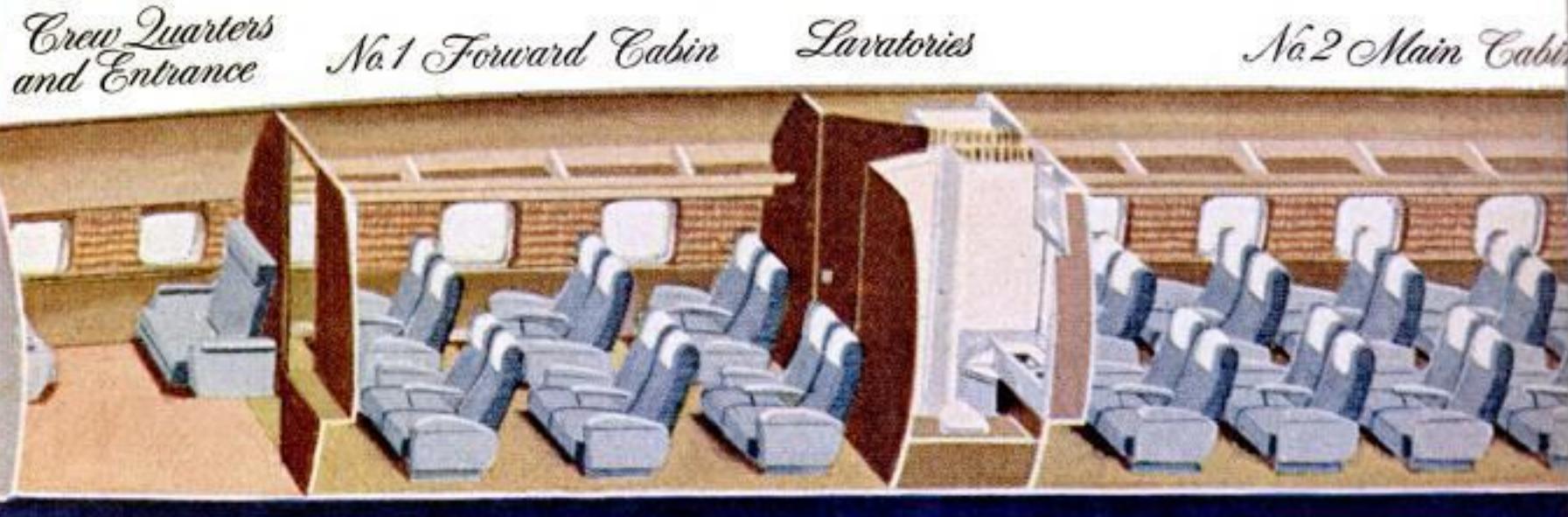
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# A POET'S CHILDREN, YES; HIS EDITORS, HMMM

In LIFE's traditional Christmas issue the editors have been guided by a beloved children's poet, Eugene Field, who advised in *Jest 'Fore Christmas*:

So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair,  
an' mind yer p's an' q's,  
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons,  
an' don't wear out yer shoes;  
Say "Yessum" to the ladies,  
an' "Yessur" to the men . . .

For once we turn away from the rudeness of wars, rackets and other seamy subjects, for which there is plenty of time during the remaining 51 weeks. We go caroling with the new Rodgers and Hammerstein song, escape into fiction with a new Sherlock Holmes story and some old fairy tales, give costly presents—vicariously—in "Great Gifts of History" and go reverently to church in a snowy New England town. We think you will find the spirit of the man who wrote about the Sugar-Plum Tree, the gingham dog and the calico cat and Little Boy Blue all through this issue.

In this sentimental mood, it was a shock to discover that Field might not have reciprocated our admiration. In *The Tribune Primer*, which resulted from his Denver newspaper days in the '80s, he wrote:

"Here we have a Knife. . . . It belongs to an Editor, and is used for Sharpening Pencils, killing Roaches, opening Champagne, and Cutting the Hearts out of Bad men who Come in to Whale the Reporters. There is Blood on the Blade of the Knife, but the Editor will Calmly Lick it off. . . .

"This is a Bottle. What is in the Bottle?

THE FIELD VERSION  
OF AN EDITOR

Very Bad Whisky. It has been Sent to the Local Editor. He did not Buy it. If he had Bought it the Whisky would have been Poorer than it is. . . .

"Here is a Diamond Pin. The Editor won it at a Church Fair. There were Ten Chances at Ten Cents a Chance. He Mortgaged his paper and Took one. . . . Editors like Diamonds. Sometimes they Wear them in their Shirts, but Generally in their Mind. . . .

"Here we Have a Business Manager. . . . He is Saying the Paper has entered upon an Era of Unprecedented Prosperity. In a Minute he will Go up Stairs and Chide the Editor for leaving the Gas Burning while he Went out for a Drink of Water, and he will dock a Reporter Four Dollars because a Subscriber has Licked him and he cannot Work. Little Children, if we Believed Business Managers went to Heaven, we would Give up our Pew in Church."

Field was a little rough on poets too:

"Who is this Creature with Long Hair and a Wild Eye? He is a Poet. . . . A mighty good Sausage Stuffer was Spoiled when the Man became a Poet. He would Look well Standing under a Descending Piledriver."

This allows us to say hopefully that Field was a great kidder, that of course members of our profession aren't like that any more than Field was like his poet. And we feel that Eugene Field himself might have written *l'envoi* to the gala holiday of the Spokane children pictured on pages 12 through 15. After being bathed and tumbling happily into bed, they—like Wynken, Blynken and Nod—must have "sailed on a river of crystal light into a sea of dew."

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN  
AND NOD

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**Your grocery  
man is a very  
busy man...**

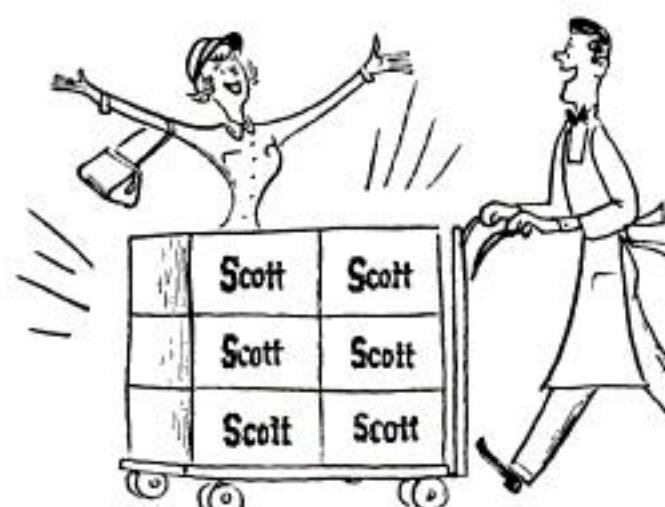
**Scott paper products  
are very popular  
products...**

*that's why* — if you sometimes find the shelves  
bare of Scott products (especially on busy marketing days) ...



*don't* get annoyed  
or excited ...

*just mention* it to  
one of the store  
employees ...



*he'll be glad* to  
bring out a fresh case  
of your favorite Scott  
paper product from  
the stock room ...



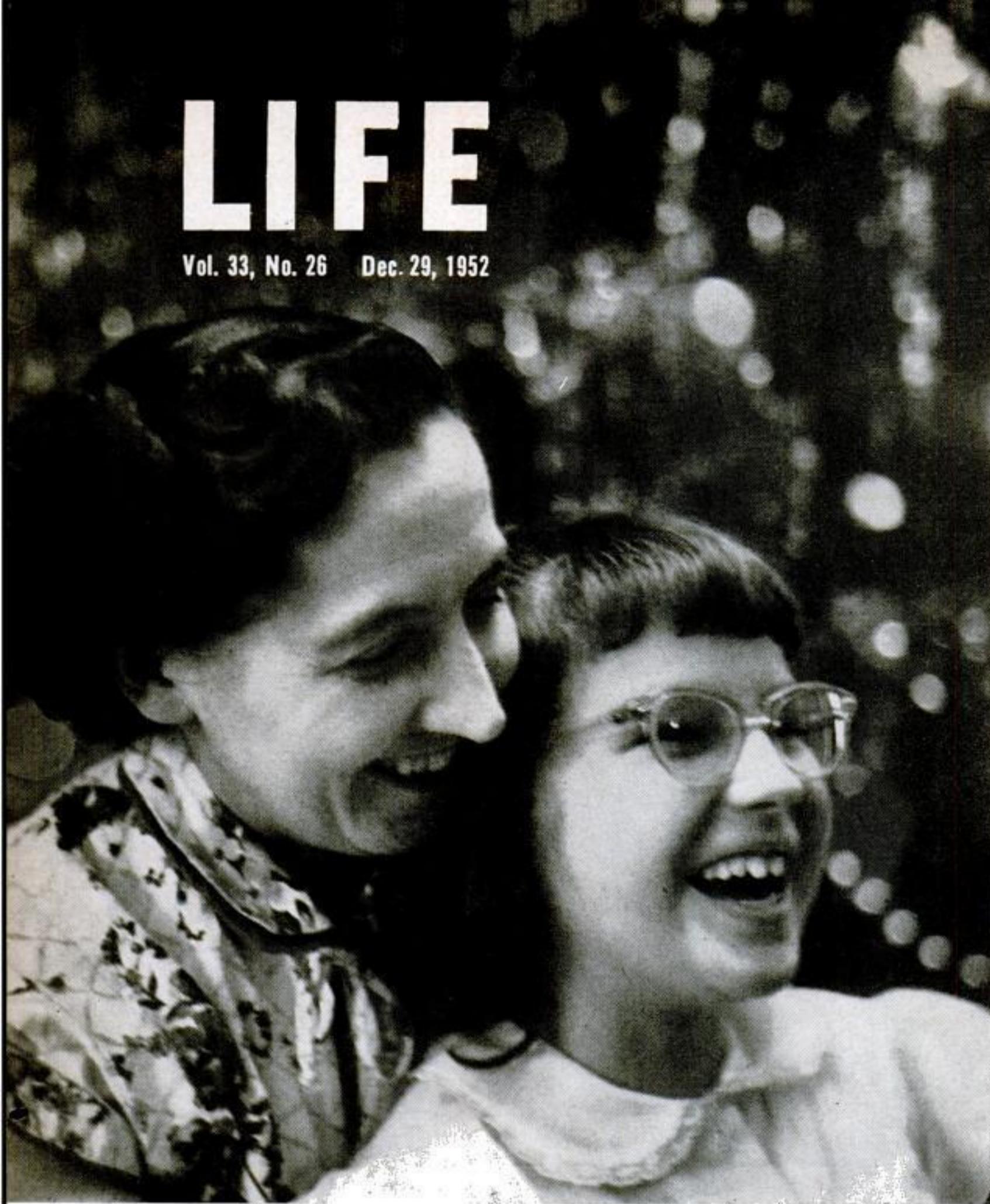
*and then* everyone  
will be happy!

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There was once a little girl named Diane Albert who, unhappily, was born completely blind. Her mother, Eva, and father, Bill, asked the doctor what to do and he said it would help to have children around. So they bought a big house and filled it with children. That was seven Christmases ago. Ever since the house, which is out in Spokane, in the state of Washington, has been very full. The Alberts only rent its apartments to women who have children and most are working mothers who are divorced or widowed. Over the years 300 children and 140 divorcees have come to live with them. Now Diane is 9, and part of a 22-child family which the Alberts take over while the mothers work. A doctor's operations have helped her to see a little and the children have made her just as happy as she looks in the picture above ...



... Her father, though a skillful carpenter, has given up all his ideas of an outside job. Instead he is busy being a father to all the children, admonishing here, nose-wiping there and using his skill to repair their damage. Here he is at the stairway of the old 23-room house ...

## A TRUE CHRISTMAS FABLE

## A HOUSEFUL



... The house is at its noisiest, of course, when the children play running games. It is pretty quiet when "Aunt Eva" reads aloud and fairly quiet right after lunch when it is time for naps on cots in the living and dining rooms. But it is quietest when the Alberts bring out

# OF CHILDREN



the home projector and show movies. Then all the children sit goggle-eyed and silent on the floor as long as the movie machine will run. Afterwards, when their mothers come home from work, they separate and go upstairs for supper and bed in their own apartments . . .

. . . One nice thing, with so many children around there are always lots of birthdays coming up and for such affairs the mother and Eva bake a cake and have a party. Last week it was a Christmas party, too, held early as most children go off to grandparents for the real day . . .

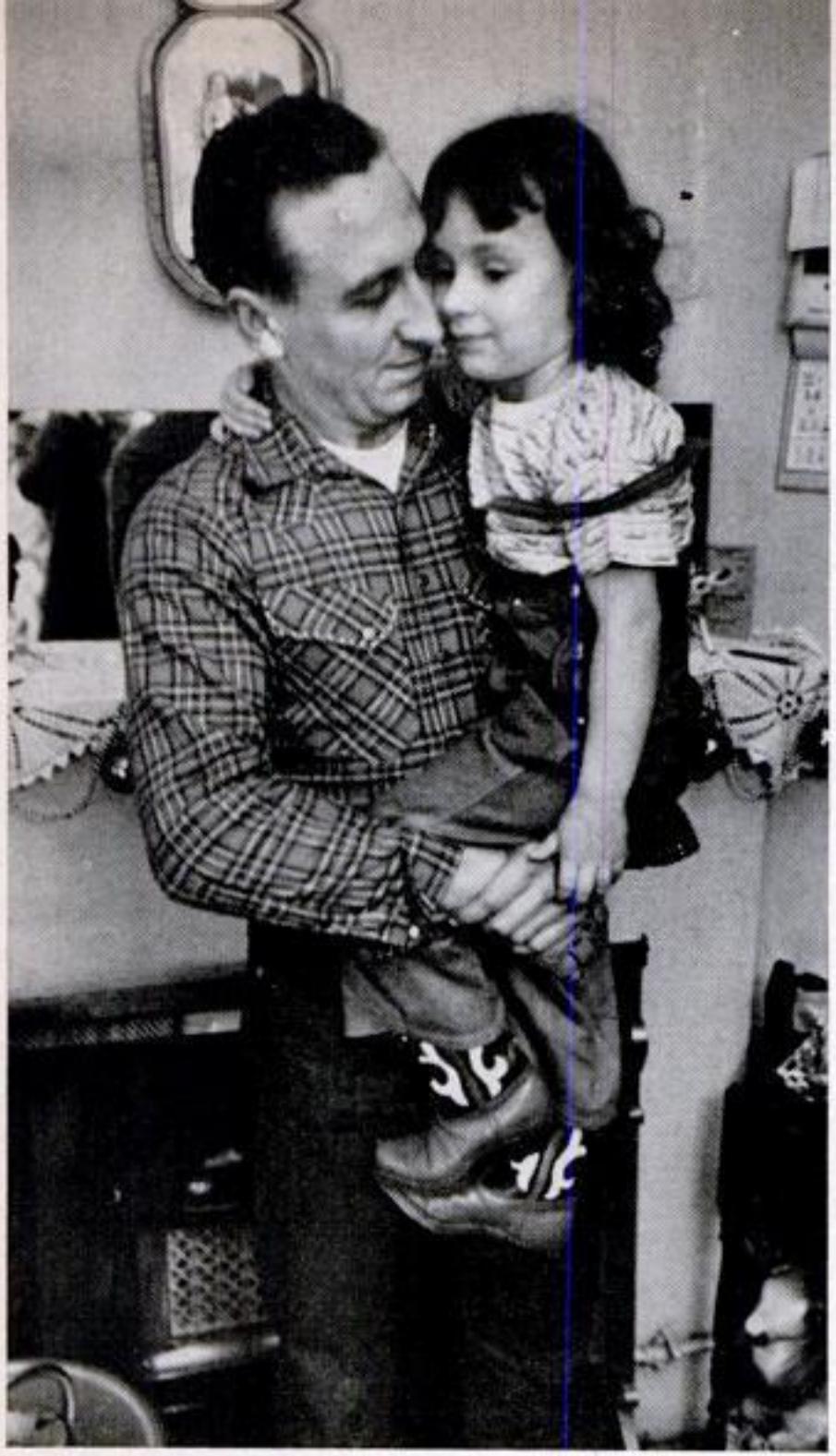
... Besides the party there was an extra Christmas treat. Bill—"Daddy Bill" the children always call him—hired a team and a

Santa Claus driver. He planned a real sleigh-ride, but it became a hayride on wheels because there wasn't quite enough snow . . .



... Sometimes, nearly as exciting, children get messages to telephone absent fathers. They mainly say "Yes. Uh huh. Fine" . . .





... Sometimes, even more exciting, fathers come to see them and stay to talk. There are usually tears when it is time to go . . .



... In the evening, when the children were being bathed by their own mothers, Bill and Eva last week had time to reflect that their

daughter's misfortune has helped bring other children happiness. "Maybe if we help others," said Eva, "God will help our little girl."



## HE GIVES MEANING TO OUR HISTORY AND ALL OUR OTHER FRAGMENTS OF TRUTH

The National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S., representing 35 million Protestants, gave a message to all U.S. Christians last week which included the warning:

"Our culture is in danger of becoming pagan. To prevent this, religion must be placed at the heart of higher education. . . . Christians should encourage the movement in many American universities toward the return of religion [and] the formulation of a Christian philosophy of life."

It is hard to measure the religiousness of a nation. Our churches are full, especially, perhaps most feelingly, at this Christmas season; but 66 million of us (according to the National Council) are unchurched. Atheism is not howling through the streets, Bob Ingersoll style, but neither are God's prophets. The universities are a good key to the religious question. They share with the churches the prophets' duty as autonomous critics of our culture, and their temper is in large part the intellectual temper of the times.

In England, Sir Walter Moberly has analyzed this temper in a book, *The Crisis in the University*. On the question of God, says he, "the modern university intends to be, and supposes it is, neutral; but it is not. . . . It does what is far more deadly than open rejection; it ignores Him." Religion is by definition of the first importance, or of no importance at all. Indifference is therefore a way of closing the door against religion. It then returns by the window as pseudo-religion, of which several varieties can be identified in British and American intellectual life.

The boldest of these is "scientific humanism," the notion that Man can govern and perfect himself through science, especially social science. Its influence can still be seen in prophecies like Toynbee's that in 2002 procreation will be government-controlled. Another "spurious remedy," as Moberly calls it, is classical humanism, the pious embrace of past excellence whose creed is the Golden Mean and whose Bible is the Hundred Great Books. A third is the planned dash from intellectual chaos to the sanctuary of ivied cathedrals, an atavistic religiosity. Moberly thinks our inherited churches are not a practical means for curing the "malaise and impotence" of the universities, and no Christian should wish to see them formally established there. Not uniformity but truth is the purpose of a university, and continuing argument with non-Christians is a means to truth.

In America, other "spurious remedies" for God's absence from an intellectual life may be discerned or feared. One is the idolization of democracy itself. There is more than a touch of religious nationalism in such rituals as last week's enshrining of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence in helium and glass (p. 29).

But perhaps the subtlest current pseudo-religion is history, the absolute history of Hegel and Marx, and the liberals like the late Benedetto Croce.

Many a troubled mind clambers toward some "wave of the future" as men used to clamber toward rituals of salvation. Much professional fellow-traveling has been that of scholars who (in a phrase of Professor Robert Walker of Yale) "felt that they knew the political direction in which the world was moving and . . . took vicarious joy in feeling themselves a part of a great intellectual conspiracy." And History-as-Supreme-Judge is a tempting idol to all Americans these days. For surely the drama of our struggle with Communism is one of history's grandest plots. Future historians are not the least stimulating members of the audience, the more so

as Stalin claims them as his claque. The stage effects include atomic wind-machines which sound as though they might destroy the whole theater. The script is a story of good and evil begun in Homer's time and Abraham's; it is the culminated work of thousands of prophets and saints, who have entrusted it to us brief understudies of Jefferson and Lincoln. What could be more intoxicating?

Yet those future historians may see an entirely different drama than the one we think we are engaged in. The trouble with History-as-Judge is that its judgments, always unpredictable, make sure sense only to those who believe in something more.

The religious man finds sense in history because it gives him insights revealing the presence of God. One such insight, found over and over in the history we call the Old Testament, is the saving remnant, sometimes a very small remnant, of believers who kept the faith and seed of Abraham alive. Another insight came to Isaiah when the Assyrian-Egyptian vise seemed more cruel than the old Jewish hopes could sustain. This insight, says Historian Herbert Butterfield, is "the nearest thing to a clue for those (students of history) who wish to make anything of the human drama." It is the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, a poem about the "Suffering Servant," the lowly Redeemer who would come to bear away the sins of the world.

And later this Redeemer did come, some 1,950-odd years ago this season. He came and departed at a definite time in human history; and history has never since been the same. He gave history a meaning for all time which the minds of later men have expounded and refined and denied and ignored, but have never transcended.

The Christian truth about history is not accessible to nations as such. It is accessible only to individuals—to those who make national history in state departments and in universities, but also to those in every calling under the sun. Its most distinct feature is that it explains history only "as we move from history to self-analysis," by summoning an answer about his own relation to life from each man's private heart and mind.

Thus if American intellectual life is to be clarified by Christian truth, it will be done by individual Christians. Their mission in the universities will be to force the issue of man's purpose and history's meaning in the quest for truth. Their task is formidable; Jacques Maritain says it is a task for saints. It is certainly a task for another saving remnant, a leaven in the lump, working through the "guild rules" of academic freedom. To paraphrase T. S. Eliot, no university can become a Christian community unless it is a community of Christians. But if ours do that they will have recaptured the power to see life whole and the right to prophesy and correct the nation.

Butterfield thinks the present is "the most exhilarating period in the history of Christianity" because, for the first time in 1,500 years, we can begin to say that no man is a Christian by compulsion or interest. Instead we have gentle reminders, such as this anniversary of His birth, that Christ really lived and died and linked man forever with eternity. All our other glimpses of truth are fragmentary and ambiguous. But seen through this great magnifier, they have a promised coherence in a frame of infinite hope; even history, which is the story of man's great, blind effort to glorify God and educate his own soul.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK



## SANTA'S HELICOPTER CRACKS UP, BUT HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT

The first two stops last week on the 9th Air Force's "Operation Christmas"—a helicopter distribution of presents to North Carolina orphanages—went off without a hitch. But on the third signals were mixed and when a pilot decided to land in a nearby field a downdraft slammed his machine to the ground, crumpling a landing gear and jarring the occupants. Out stumbled Santa Claus to find a boy in a Confederate cap, 4-year-old David

Burnett, passing by with his grandfather. "Are you hurt?" wailed David. Santa said he was all right. "But what's wrong with your face?" David asked. Santa discovered he had forgotten his whiskers and went back to get them. This made David feel much better. Cuddling up (*above*), he confided that a tractor with pedals would be acceptable on the 25th. Then, finding his hands were cold, he plunged them into Santa's beard.



IN PENNSYLVANIA'S HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES 32 ELECTORS CAST THEIR VOTE FOR EISENHOWER



MEETING IN CAVE FOR CHAMPAGNE AND STEAK



TWO WOMEN ELECTORS were among Maryland's nine voting for Ike at Annapolis. They ate lunch prepared by Governor Theodore McKeldin's wife.

## ELECTORS ARE COUNTED

**The official voters meet in cave and statehouse**

Some anonymous citizens and one very widely known indeed were busy catching up with a historic event last week. The event was the election last November of a new president, who will become the new commander in chief. The college of electors—in which each state has a number of votes equal to the number of its senators and representatives—met in the various state capitals formally to elect Dwight D. Eisenhower. In most cases the electors went solemnly about the antiquated function of casting their ballots as if the issue really were in doubt.

Meanwhile in New York, General Douglas MacArthur met the former subordinate who will soon be his new commander in chief. He and the



DINNER, MISSOURI'S 13 REPUBLICAN ELECTORS FORMED "LUCKY 13" CLUB

## AND SO IS MACARTHUR

and president-elect has an important conference

president-elect were the luncheon guests of John Foster Dulles at his New York home. Dulles officially was host but it was obvious that MacArthur had come at the invitation of Eisenhower, who wanted his views on Korea. Though MacArthur had opposed Ike's nomination and remained silent during the campaign, their first meeting in six years ended pleasantly. The luncheon lasted two hours and afterwards Eisenhower said, "We discussed the possibility of peace in Korea with particular reference to the world situation in which, of course, such Korean peace would have to be determined." Whatever MacArthur had to recommend, it was up to his new commander in chief to make the decisions.



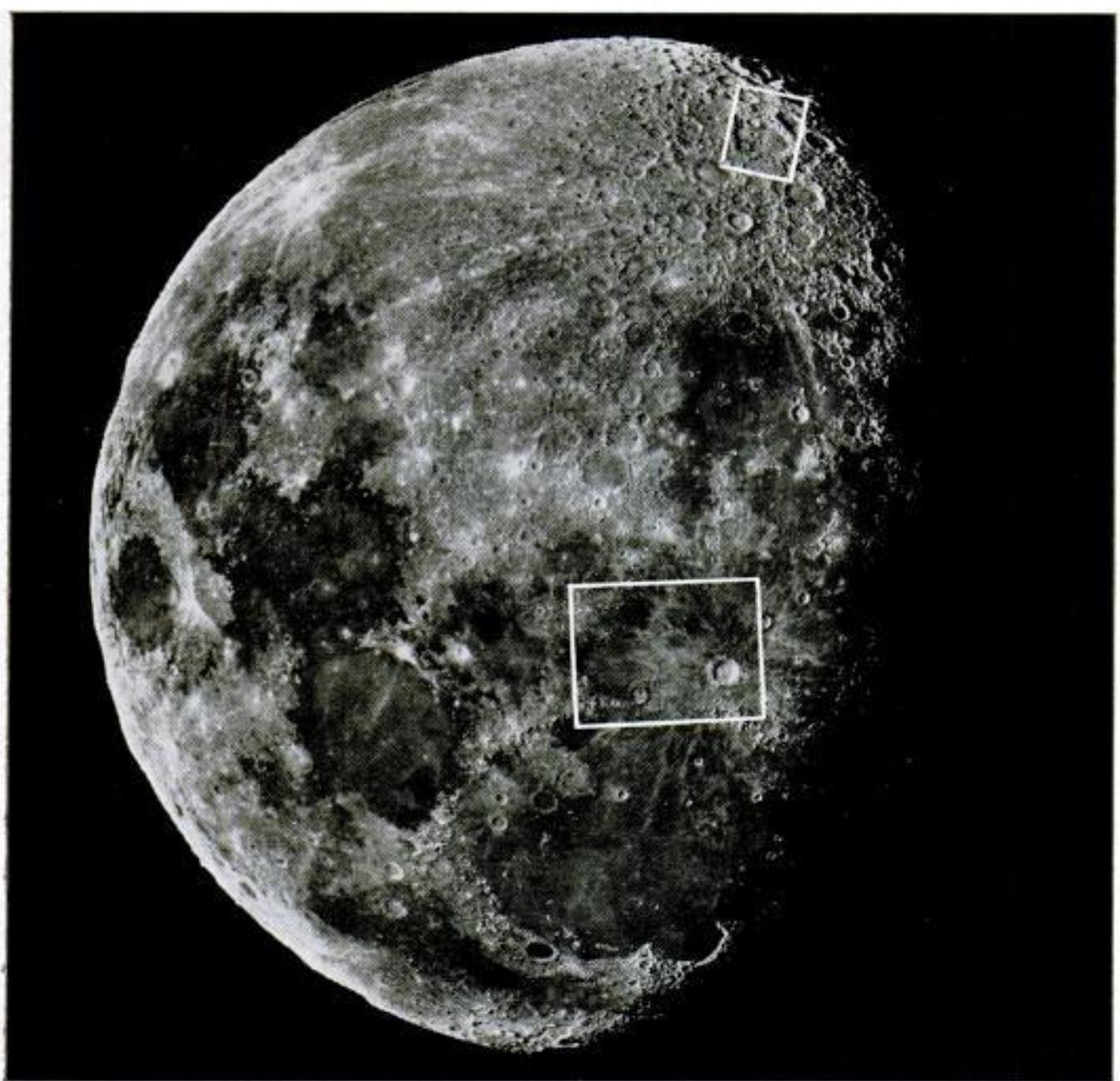
EISENHOWER TALKS, MacArthur listens as they are besieged by newsmen after emerging from New York home of John Foster Dulles (center), their host.



REPORTER TALKS, generals obey as newsmen, whose arm is seen gesturing, urges them to step from entrance. Ike asked MacArthur to say "a few words."



MACARTHUR TALKS, Eisenhower listens as his former commander says, "It has been a very pleasant reunion." Later Ike said he hoped to meet him again.

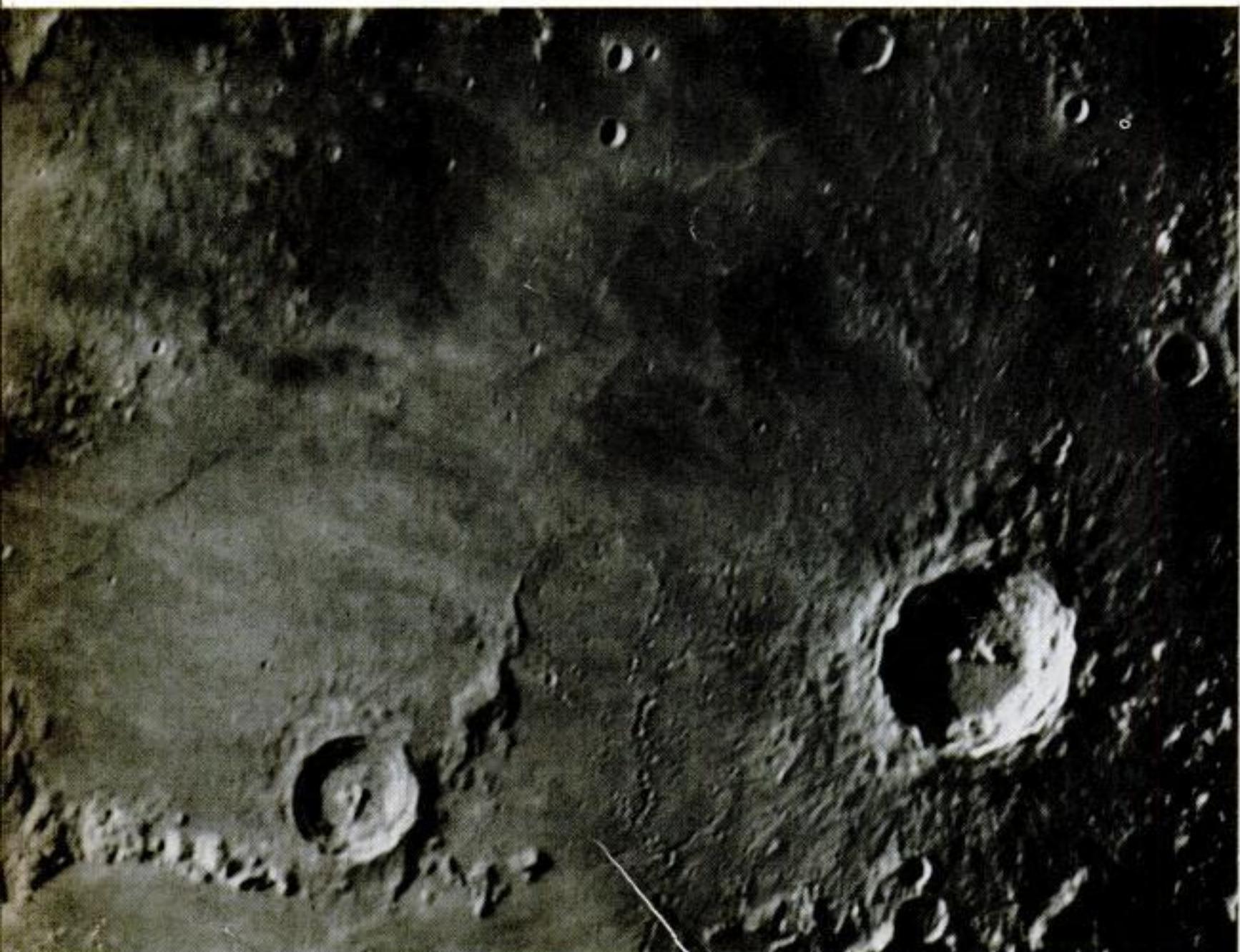


**LOCATION OF NEW MOONSCAPES** is marked on moon picture made by small telescope. Larger rectangle is the scene below; top rectangle, that at right.

## PALOMAR PORTRAITS

### 200-incher takes close-ups of Earth's neighbors

The world's biggest telescope, installed on Palomar Mountain in California five years ago, was designed to penetrate into outer space farther than any telescope had ever done. It was not intended for focusing on nearby celestial objects—to use it for systematic study of moon and planets, said a Palomar man, would be as wasteful as using an ocean liner for a harbor ferryboat. But last week Palomar revealed that from time to time it has turned its giant eye on the solar system and produced some stunning pictures. The new views of the moon make the satellite look as if it were only 200 miles away. The portraits of the strangely patterned planets are the best close-ups of the earth's neighbors man has ever seen.



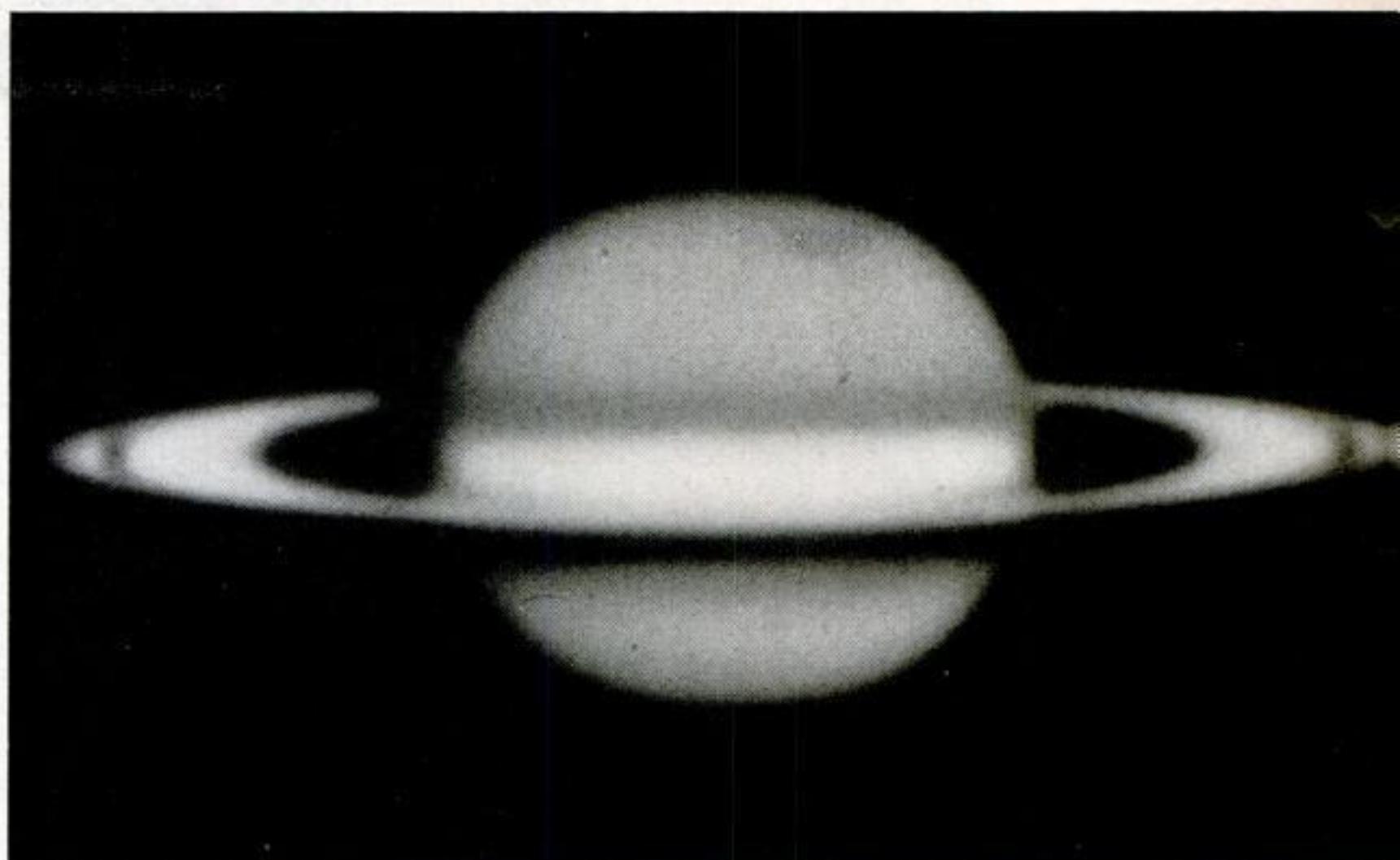
**COPERNICUS CRATER** (right, foreground), a 56-mile-wide lunar cup, looks three-dimensional in Palomar picture of moon area (large rectangle, top picture).



**MOON'S GREATEST SCAR**, 150-mile-wide crater, Clavius, is seen through 200-incher as it would appear to naked eye if only 200 miles away. Clavius has



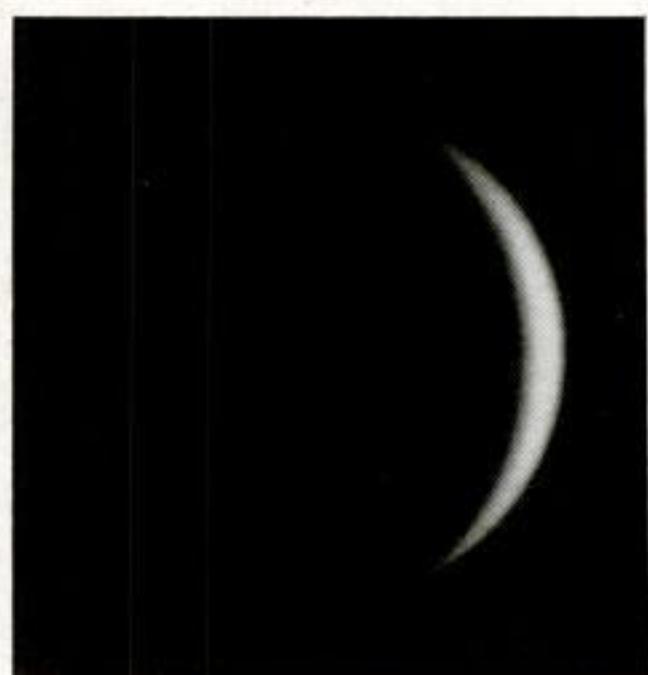
12,000-foot walls, may have been formed by crash of a meteor when moon was young. It is pocked with smaller pits, some only two or three miles across.



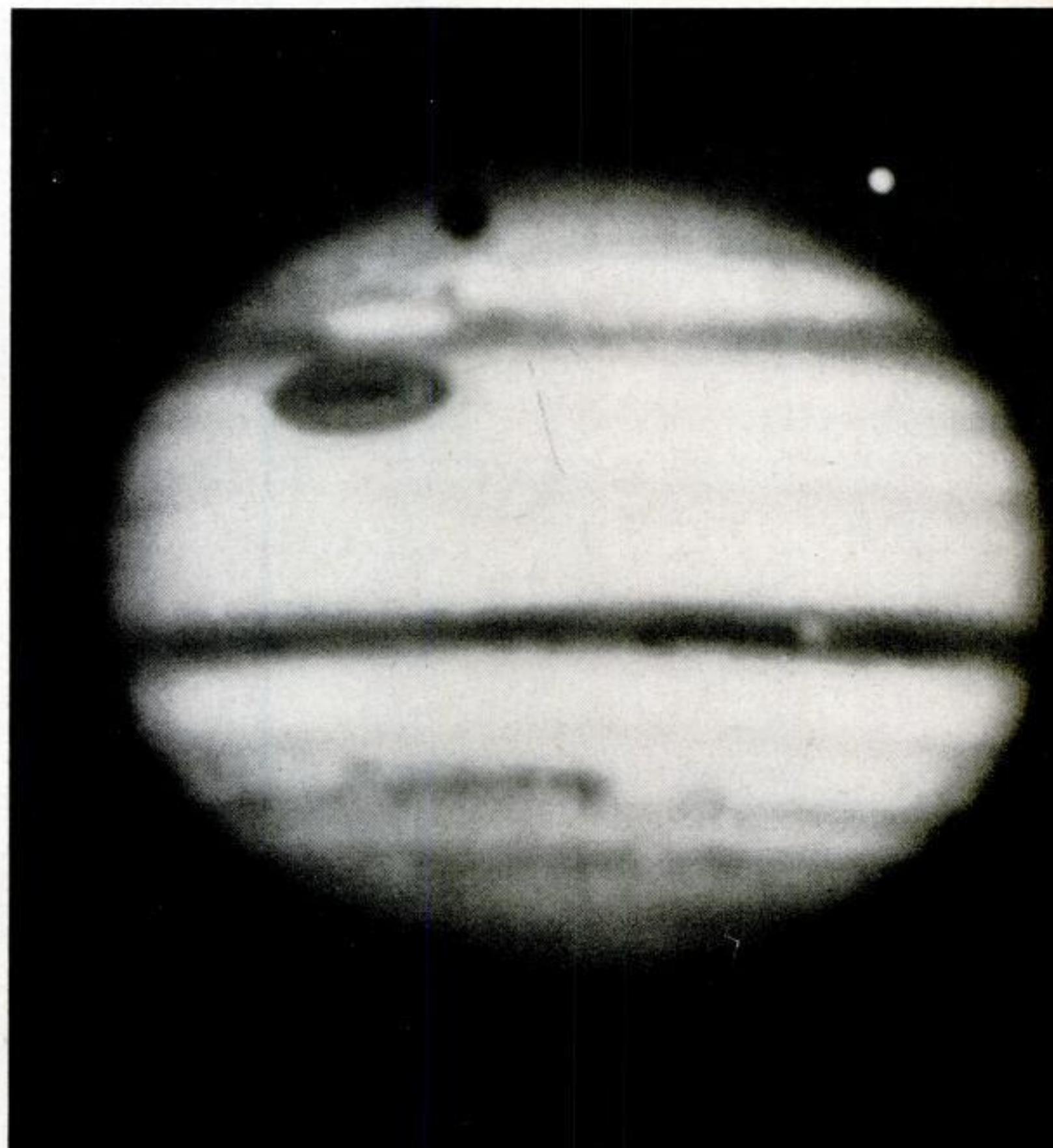
**SATURN'S RINGS**, possibly moons that shattered to become disks, wheel in concentric orbits. From rings' innermost rim to outer edge is 40,000 miles.



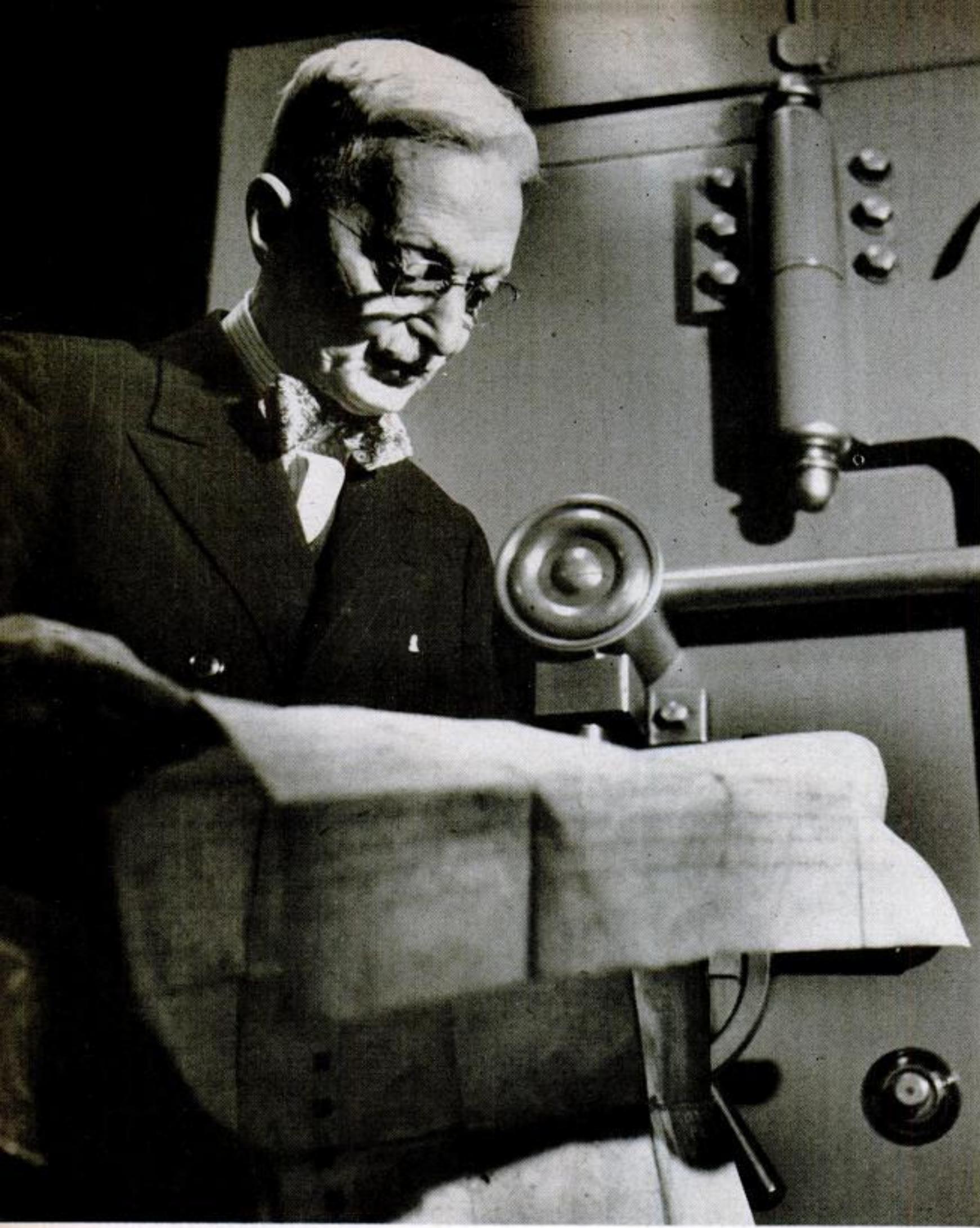
**MARS'S VEGETATION**, probably lichens, appears as great dark patches. This picture was taken through a red filter to penetrate Mars's atmosphere.



**VENUS' CRESCENT** is, like crescent moon, caused by sidelighting from sun. This is how the globe always looks when nearest to the earth.



**JUPITER'S BLEMISH**, mysterious 30,000-mile-long oval called Great Red Spot, shows through bands of atmosphere. Above Spot is dark shadow of a moon.



**REDMAN'S FRIEND**, Lawyer Roland Stevens, 80, looks through yellowed 18th Century documents in a bank vault to bolster case of clients.

**CHIEF POKING-FIRE** of the Bear Clan of the Caughnawaga rips tribal claims out of Vermont map. Indians claim whole northern fourth of state.



**IROQUOIS ALLIES** meet on Dartmouth campus to launch fund-raising campaign for lawsuit.

## LO! THE POOR VERMONTERS

### Expropriated Iroquois appeal for part of a state

In the days when Gitche Manito, the Great Good Spirit, ran things on the American continent, the land between Lake Champlain and the Connecticut River was the hunting preserve of the warlike Iroquois. The white man grabbed it to make five rich counties in Vermont.

Three of the ousted Iroquois tribes, reduced to living in wretched reservations in Canada, insisted that somebody pay them for all that land. For 154 years they sent delegations to the Vermont legislature, which generally turned them back with sympathetic words, a pittance of \$100 and a free meal.

But things are looking up for the Iroquois. The Vermont legislature appointed a commissioner to look into the claim, the first since 1855. A Vermont lawyer has taken on the case—the first to represent the Iroquois—and is sure he can prove the Iroquois never legally ceded their land to the white men. A recent award of \$8 million to the Ute Indians for a similar claim encouraged the Iroquois to raise their demand from \$89,000 to \$1.2 million. Some tribesmen, however, scorn the money and want to take physical possession of their Vermont claim, a solution which has found great favor in New Hampshire. Students at Dartmouth College are selling Give-Vermont-back-to-the-Indians buttons to finance the lawsuit. Said an unperturbed Vermonter, "All of the U.S. once belonged to the Indians, but it's only Vermont they want back."



**POVERTY** of the muddy villages where the Iroquois now live in Quebec forms a painful contrast with the neat prosperity of the Vermont shown on pp. 74-76.



**WAITING HOPEFULLY**, solemn sachems of the Caughnawaga tribe sit in conclave in their frosty Quebec meeting hall to listen to Lawyer Stevens and hold a

powwow on future plans. Pending the inheritance of Vermont or parts thereof, these tribesmen have to earn their living as steelworkers, taxi drivers, farmers.



**AS A DROOPY HEROINE** in a parody of a French existentialist drama, she has a tattered romance and finally collapses like an umbrella from sheer inertia.



**AS TV HILLBILLY**, she has one tooth blacked out, whines ballad of love and murder, *Purple Rose*.



**IN A TAKE-OFF OF MUSICAL COMEDY ROUTINE, SHE DANCES WITH RELENTLESSLY CHEERFUL MALES**

## GREAT LADY WHOOPS IT UP

**Bette Davis takes vacation from films to cavort in new revue**

Last summer in a carefree moment Bette Davis decided to take a vacation from Hollywood and act in a Broadway revue, *Two's Company*. That was almost the last carefree moment the movies' *grande dame* has had. Right from the start, when Bette fainted on stage during the opening at the try-out in Detroit last October, *Two's Company* has had a crowd of trouble. Songs and skits were tested and tossed out. Comedians were hired and fired. When the show got ready to open on Broadway, Bette got laryngitis and the opening was postponed.

Two weeks ago *Two's Company* finally had its Broadway premiere, and met a new annoyance

—the critics. One said Miss Davis' performance was "on the elementary side," another hinted she was not so brilliant as she was brave. But nobody complained that Bette was skimpy with her energies. She horsed around as a hillbilly and a kitchen slattern, she chanted a torch song and kicked with the chorus. In her opening scene Bette sang an Ogden Nash ditty which set the show's good-natured mood, and Bette obviously enjoyed it. "Give me four boys to dance with, hoofers who twist and twirl. Just turn me loose on old Broadway as a musical comedy girl." A reasonably good-natured audience should enjoy it too.



**AS KITCHEN SIREN** in old sweater and tennis shoes, she drives her husband mad with jealousy.

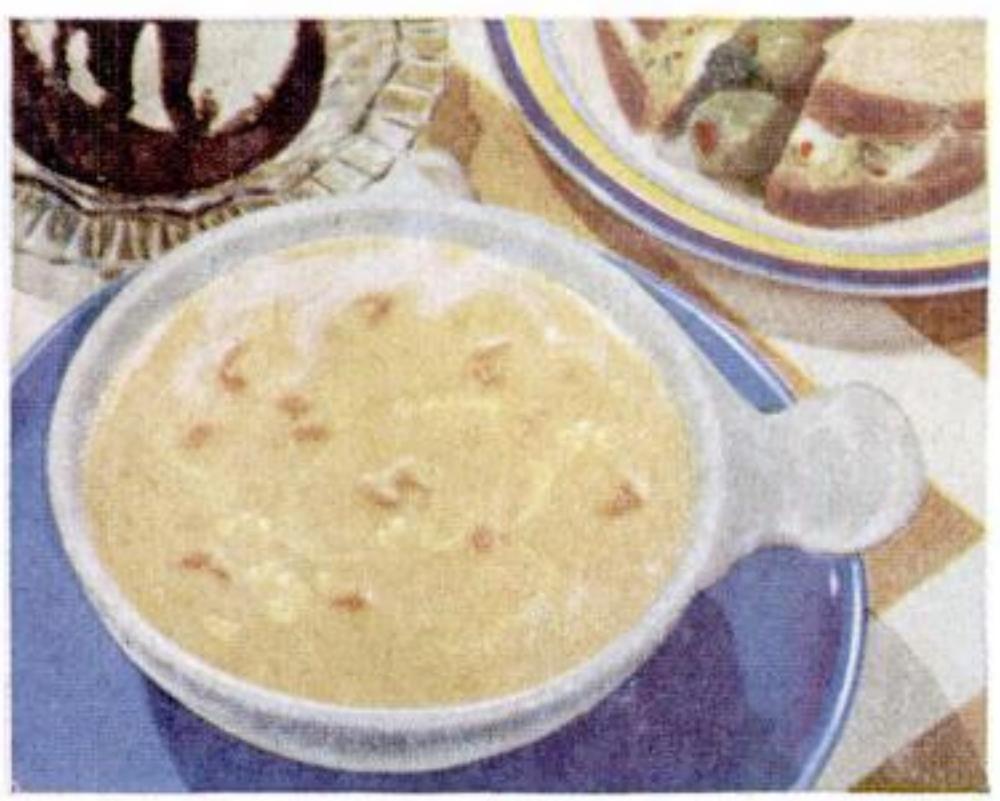
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Cream of Mushroom Soup  
Extra-heavy cream with  
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SOUP, SALAD  
AND DESSERT

Campbell's  
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and vegetable soup. Excitingly different!

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Pineapple Upside-down Cake

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"My Soup Shelf is a WONDERFUL Help!"  
"I try to keep several cans of the family favorites always on hand. That way, I'm ready for any meal-planning. And of course I'm never without Tomato Soup and Cream of Mushroom... I use them so much in my cooking!"



1

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2

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they match on the in—  
With linings so cozy,  
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3

With bibs or suspenders  
or nary a strap,  
These denims are favorites  
all over the map!



4

They're sized for real comfort,  
to fit and to wear.  
They're Sanforized, too,  
for smart mothers who care.

5

The shirts that go with them  
are matched to a T,  
In soft suede-like cotton  
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the tag  
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6

They're sturdy, they're tough;  
and they're tried and they're true.  
At prices so thrifty\*,  
why, Mom loves them, too!

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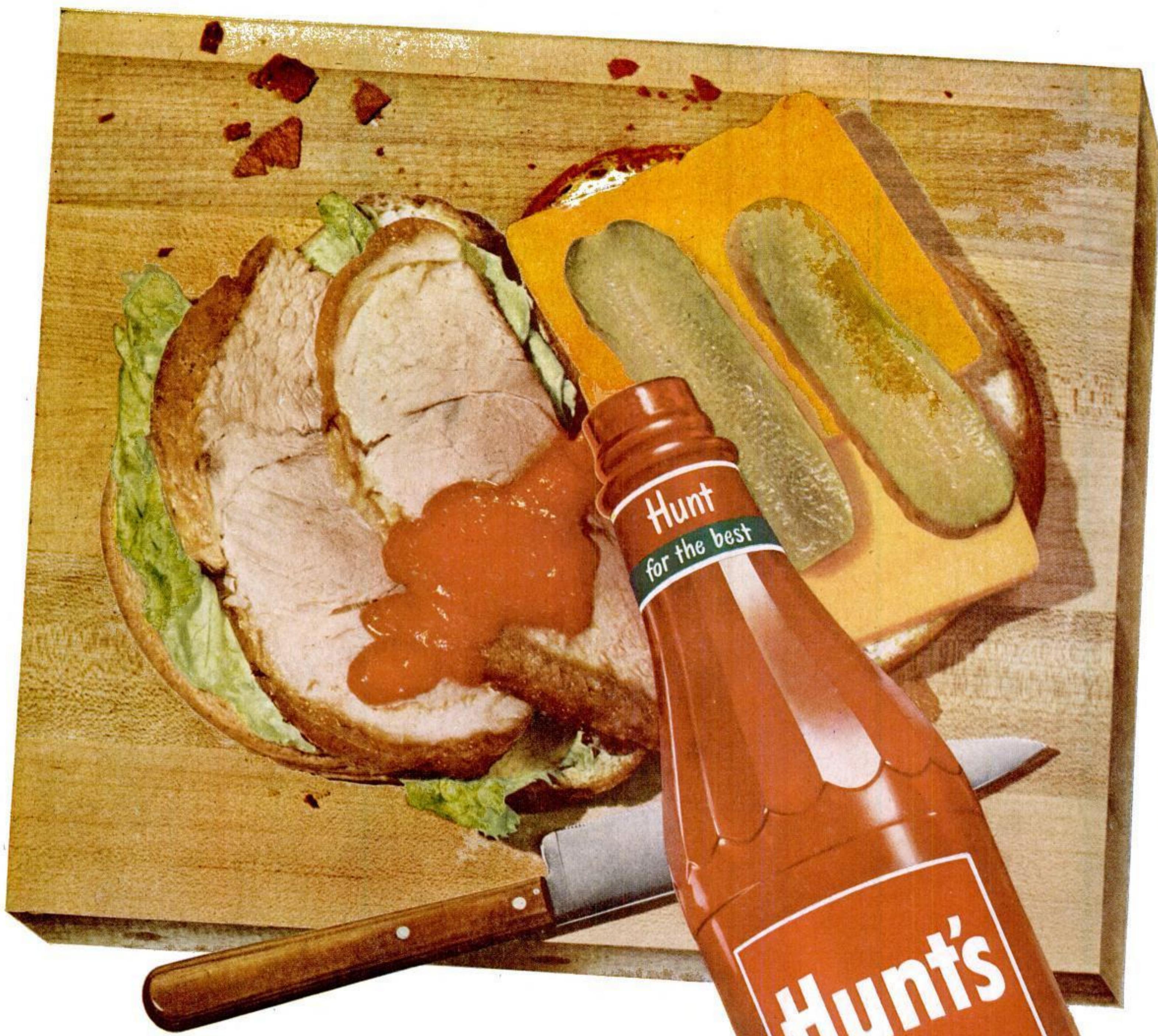


## Soaring on Skates

### PETER PAN'S FLYING MASTERS CREATE A NOVELTY IN ICE SHOWS

Ice show impresarios seemed to have thought of everything that could humanly be done on skates. But this year John Harris' Ice Capades has introduced a new wrinkle—flying. The English flying masters who keep Peter Pan and his friends aloft on stage (LIFE, May 22, 1950) were called on to handle the technical details. After 10 weeks of instruction this group of

girls made its high-flying debut in New York, the Ice Capades' first stop on its tour of 25 cities. Strung on specially tempered piano wire and reaching heights of 60 feet, the girls are maneuvered by stagehands hidden behind a screen. During the two-minute number they swoop and zoom, strike ballet poses and turn somersaults and hardly do a stroke of skating.



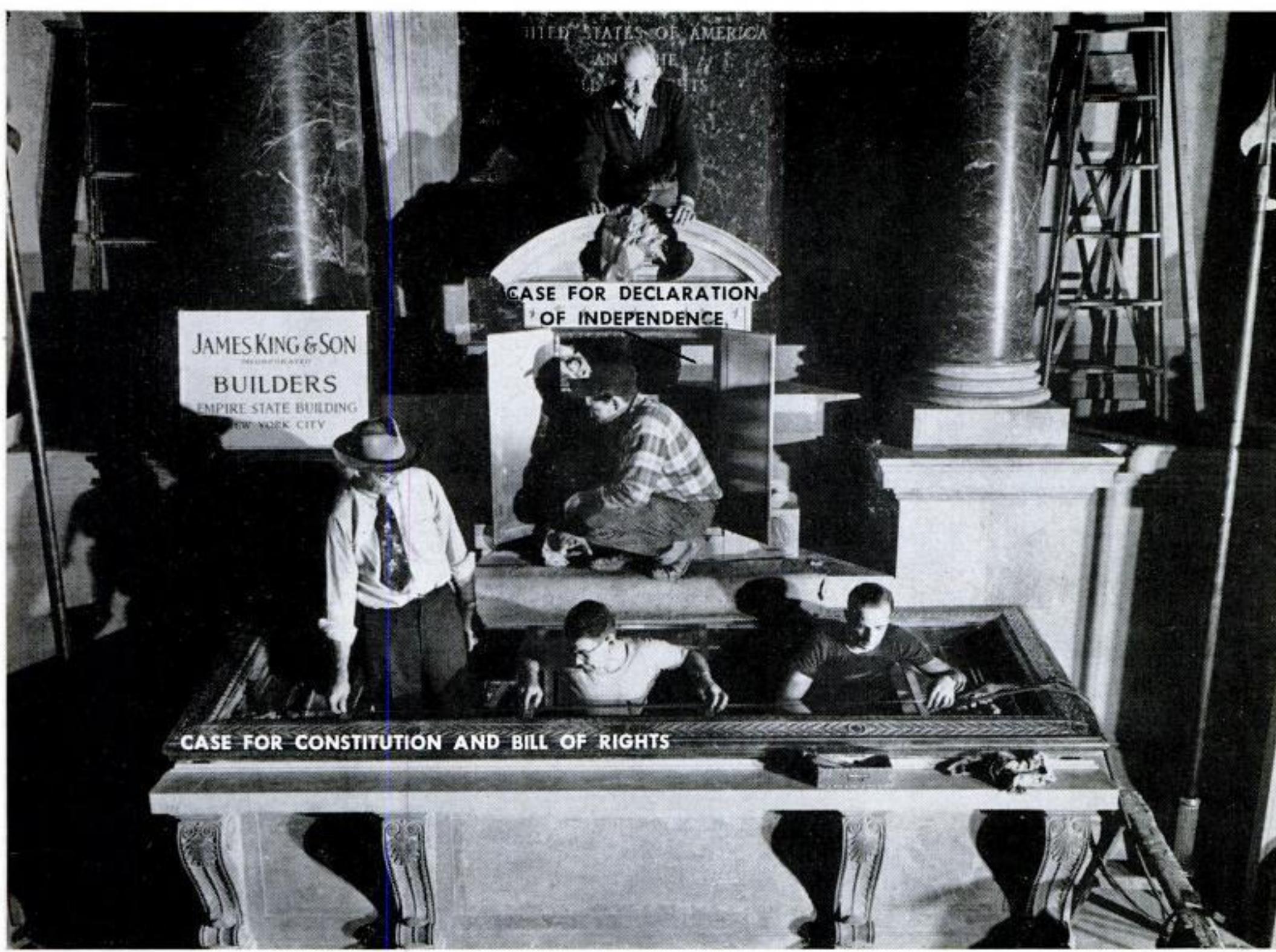
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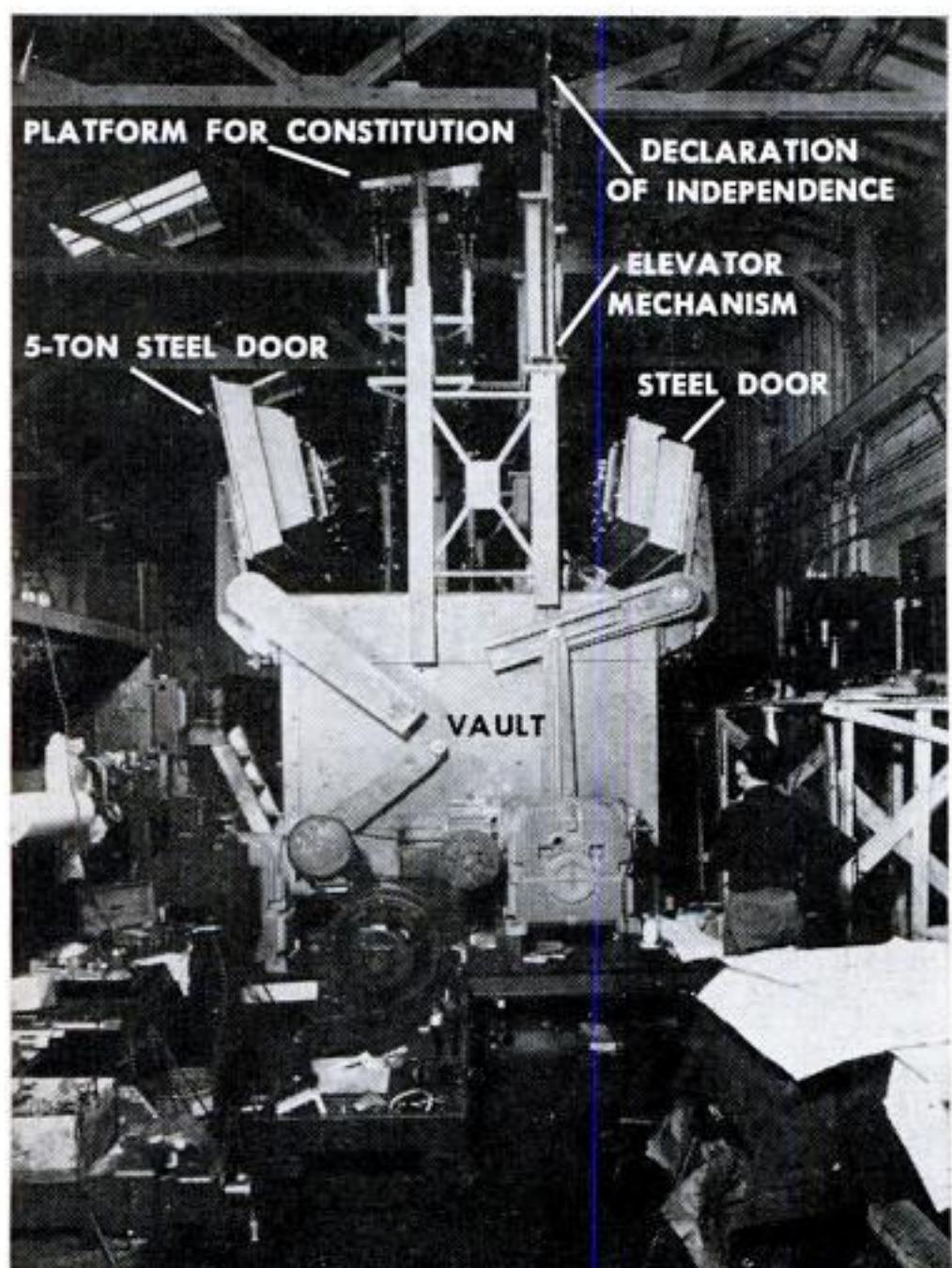
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If an A-bomb should strike Washington, the only moving thing on the day after might be a scissors-like jack rising above the rubble of the National Archives building with the nation's three most historic documents perched safely atop an altar-like shelf (above). Last week the original copies of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were moved into the world's largest

safe, which will not only protect them from fire or burglary but is equipped to raise them through the floor each morning for public view and return them to the vault each night. The safe, built in Ohio by the Mosler Company, is 7½ feet long, 5 feet wide and 6 feet high, and has 15-inch thick steel walls. It is so strong that it could withstand the shock even if the whole Archives building fell on top of it.



**ELEVATOR** inside safe can be operated, in case public power fails, by its private power plant under building floor.



**MOVING DAY** brings out heavy guard as documents are transferred to Archives building from Library of Congress.



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# LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

**Owen Lattimore is indicted for perjury and Harry Hopman borrows a skirt**

Two men who have been repeatedly accused of pro-Communist influence on U.S. policy in the Far East last week became the targets of official action. Far East expert Owen Lattimore was indicted by a federal grand jury for perjury during his testimony before a



ACCUSED LATTIMORE, SUSPENDED VINCENT

Senate judiciary subcommittee. The jury charged that Lattimore had told seven lies, including his denial that he had promoted Communism and Communist interests. Career Diplomat John Carter Vincent was suspended by the State Department and called home from his post as American minister at Tangier, Morocco when the Loyalty Review Board found "reasonable doubt as to his loyalty." The board recommended that Vincent be dismissed, but the case must first be reviewed by President Truman and Secretary of State Acheson.

The foreign ministers of the 14 NATO nations met in Paris last week to discuss past progress and future defense spending. The U.S. is still asking for a \$420 million building program—about half the original figure—but most of the European members hope to reduce it by almost another half.

### **Biggest mutiny since Koje**

In the worst prisoner of war riots since the Koje Island outbreak of last February, 3,600 North Korean Communists mutinied at the Pongam Island compounds last week. Linking arms and singing Communist songs, they ignored orders to disperse and marched straight into machine-gun and small-arms fire. Some continued singing even as they lay wounded on the ground. Before the fanatical advance faltered and finally broke, 84 were killed and 118 were wounded.



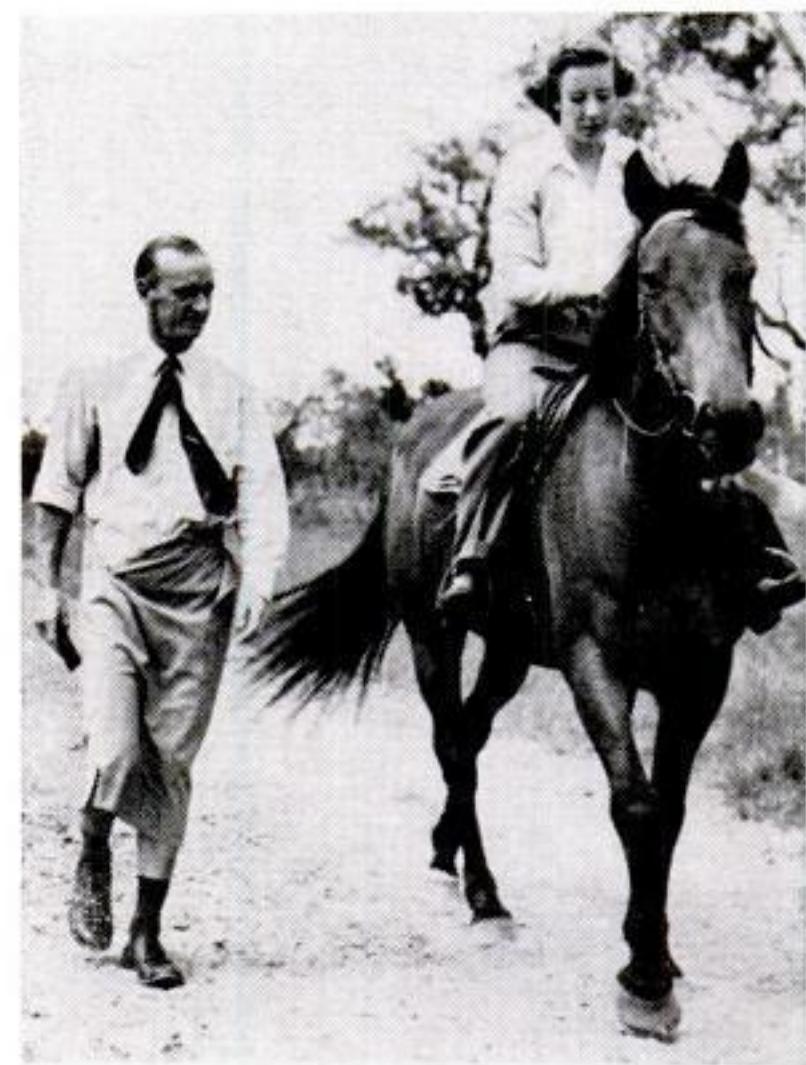
BELGIAN STAMP DOES NOT MATCH KING

Patriotic Belgians rose in protest over the new King Baudouin stamps. The man on the stamp, critics said, looked too old, had swollen lips and a crooked nose and did not have horn-rimmed spectacles. The embarrassed post office admitted the lack of resemblance between king and stamp and ordered the issue withdrawn.

The close of the professional football season last week saw the simultaneous retirement of three of the finest quarterbacks in football history: Frankie Albert of the San Francisco 49ers, Bob Waterfield of the Los Angeles Rams and Sammy Baugh of the Washington Redskins. At 38, by far the oldest and most famous, Baugh wound up his 16 years in the National Football League with 16 records, mostly for passing.

### **Fakir gets embottled**

Having nothing better to do last week in Vienna, an Austrian named Rudolf Schmied got himself welded inside a 7-foot, 600-pound steel-framed bottle. Billed as the "Hindu Fakir Rayo," Schmied plans to remain in his bottle on paid public exhibition for a full year. With him in the bottle are an air mattress and a pillow, a collapsible camp stool and two nonpoisonous snakes "for company." The embottled Schmied will kill time by writing his memoirs.



SKIRTED HOPMAN FOLLOWS TROUSERS

After winning an Australian tournament, Tennis Star Maureen Connolly visited a Melbourne track and decided to try out a horse. Since she was wearing a skirt, she borrowed the slacks of Australia's Davis Cup Coach Harry Hopman. And since this left Hopman without proper apparel, he borrowed Maureen's skirt.

### **Supreme Court kills loyalty oath**

In a strongly worded opinion the U.S. Supreme Court killed Oklahoma's controversial loyalty law. The law required all state employes to swear they had not belonged to any subversive organization in the past five years, but the court ruled 8-0 that it was unconstitutional because 1) it penalized people who might not have known what they were joining, and 2) deprived them of property (their jobs) without "due process of law" by voiding previously signed contracts.

Because Pope Pius XII had elevated "convicted" Nazi collaborator Archbishop Aloysius Stepinac to cardinal, Marshal Tito last week broke off diplomatic relations between Yugoslavia and the Vatican.

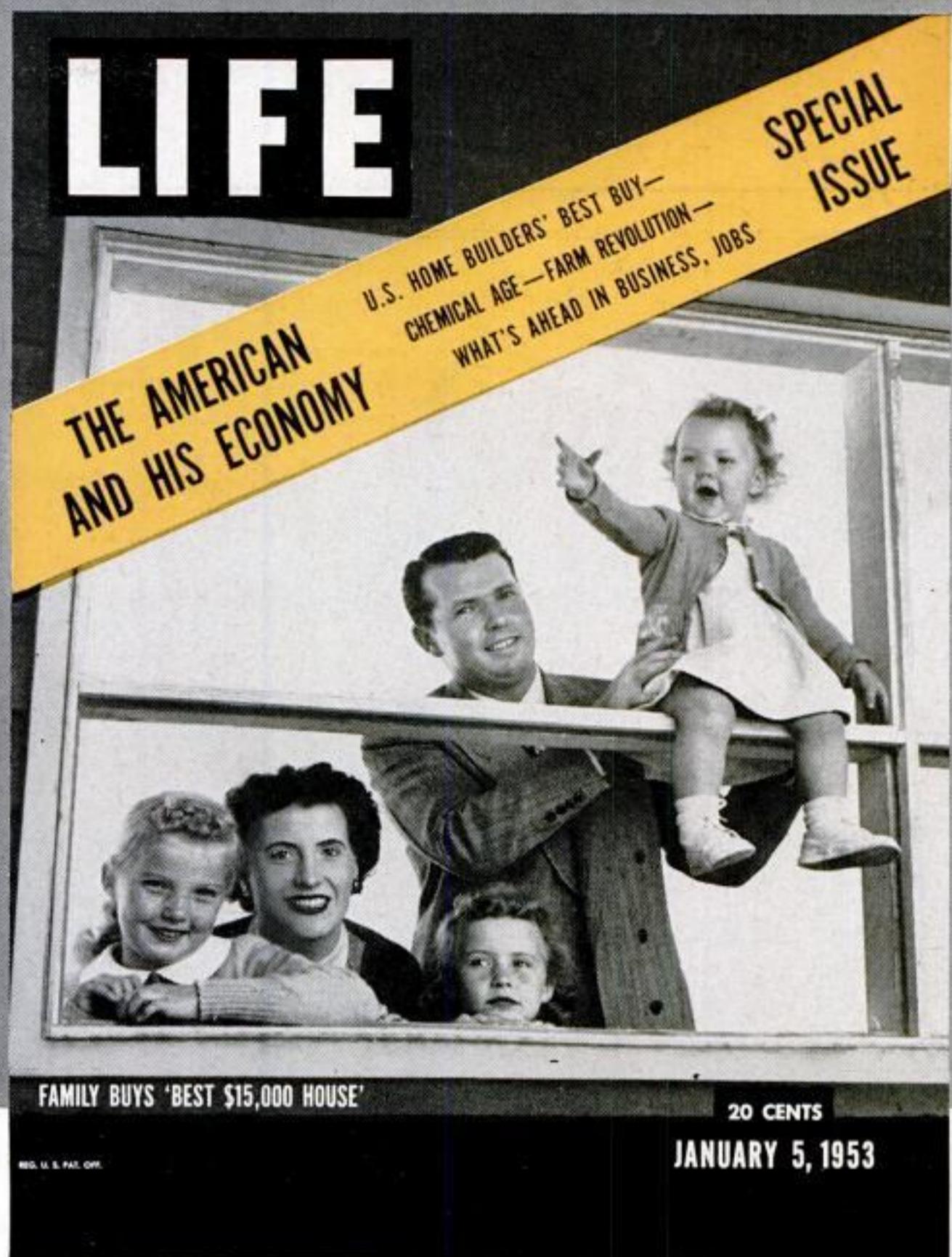
# About Next Week's Issue

DURING the past dozen years or so we have been watching in the United States something close to a miracle. . . . The once-sick American economy has become the wonder of the modern world."

In this way does author and social historian Frederick Lewis Allen characterize the subject of next week's special issue of *LIFE*, "The American and His Economy."

In two decades the U.S. has by-passed the methods and exceeded the goals which old-fashioned socialism had set up as ideals for an economic society. It has achieved instead something totally new and something infinitely better. More or less unconsciously the nation has pulled off a major social revolution. The means to this end have been historically unique, a process mainly of grading society up from the bottom rather than down from the top. Most of the change has been wrought by a simple but bold economic idea: more of everything for everybody. It is an idea of production and consumption rather than conservation and thrift. Some of the results are far reaching:

- More Americans now own their homes than rent.
- Since 1929 the U.S. has moved half-way toward equality of income for all members of the population.
- The Ford Motor Company, once the apogee of private capitalism, is now a public trust—about 97% of its profits go to the public through taxes and the Ford Foundation.
- The U.S. has reached a state almost unique in history where increase in population means increase in prosperity.



These are big facts. Most Americans, caught up in their daily lives and their own small jobs, hardly realize the great forces at work around them. Only occasionally do they stop to think how different is their life now from what it was only 10 or 20 years ago.

Next week in 75 pages of pictures and interpretive articles the editors of *LIFE* will present this new America in terms of the people—housewives, factory workers, engineers, business managers—who have brought it about.

To portray the nation in its record-breaking economic splendor *LIFE* sent photographers and reporters into the labyrinths of the nation's most vital industry—chemistry. Color pictures will show how fewer and fewer American farmers are producing more and more food; how several quite average Americans have proved that the U.S. is still a place to get rich quickly and honestly. The issue will explore the manifold problems of representative U.S. women—women who, like millions of others, are wives and mothers and also full-time members of the country's labor force. It will reveal for the first time a brand-new \$15,000 American home, developed from a series of unprecedented meetings at which the country's leading home builders pooled their best ideas.

And finally, to answer for Americans the most important question of all about their economy, "Where are we going from here and what will happen to me?" *LIFE* called upon the editors of its companion magazine, *FORTUNE*. In the special issue's major article they give their answer, charting the future ups and downs (mostly ups) of the U.S. economy not only for the crucial year of 1953 but on into 1954 and 1955.

ANDREW HEISKELL, *Publisher*

# GREAT GIFTS OF HISTORY

LIFE displays an array of treasures, from a three-inch pearl to a country, which have been given for gain or out of love or in gratitude to God

**T**HE first tokens borne to the Christ Child are still the most famous gifts of all—the gold, frankincense and myrrh which the Wise Men carried to Bethlehem. Lesser events since have occasioned far more elaborate gifts, as the rich and the royal have sought to gain power or favor or love through a giving of costly presents. The pages of history are spangled with famous monuments and masterpieces which have influenced the affairs of state and of the heart. On these 13 pages, in fabulous array, is a selection of the greatest gifts of history, most of them now the cherished possessions of museums and private collections.

Although in America Christmas Day is the most popular time for giving presents, in many other countries a general exchange of gifts takes place at the first of the year. This custom was observed with lavish indulgence during the Middle Ages when royalty and courtiers tried to outdo one another with elegant New Year's gifts (*opposite page*). In 16th Century England everyone from the highest peer to the palace dustman showered Queen Elizabeth with New Year's presents and, among all the lace mantles, golden goblets and glittering necklaces, the gift that probably pleased

Elizabeth most was the rarest of them all—a pair of black silk stockings.

Even in the absence of holidays and state occasions, gifts continued to flow between rulers and their contemporaries. To seal agreements of trade, potentates of Asia dispatched caravans with precious relics for the western kings. To pave their diplomatic way, European rulers shipped great paintings around the continent. A Raphael was used to woo an ally, a Rubens to sue for peace, a Titian to negotiate a marriage alliance. And in thanks for a loan an entire country was given away by an emperor.

But perhaps the most distinctive offerings of all time have been prompted by love. Husbands have sought out rare jewels with which to adorn their wives. Mistresses have been rewarded with everything from palaces to gilded bicycles, while some of the greatest masterworks have been created especially for a lady—a portrait by Goya for the Duchess of Alba, Keats's sonnets for his beloved Fanny Brawne, Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll* for his wife. And in the midst of all the worldly gifts are those given in the spirit of the Magi—the churches, shrines and glowing altarpieces which have been offered by pious men as a token of their gratitude to God.



NEW WORLD REALM  
FOR GERMAN MERCHANTS

In size and potential value the biggest gift ever made was the territory of Venezuela. It was bestowed on two wealthy German merchants, Bartholomew and Anthony Welser, by the Emperor Charles V in 1528. Enormously rich in lands but perpetually short in cash, Charles borrowed some 12 tons of gold (worth \$13 million today) from the Welsers to finance his wars. In thanks he granted them full rights to explore, exploit and govern Venezuela. Eighteen years later Charles withdrew their rights and took over the country himself—but he never paid back the gold. The map (*right*) was made in 1529 by Charles's cartographer, who mistakenly gave Venezuela the label of Castilla del Oro, the 16th Century name for Panama.

NEW YEAR'S SHRINE  
FOR A KING OF FRANCE

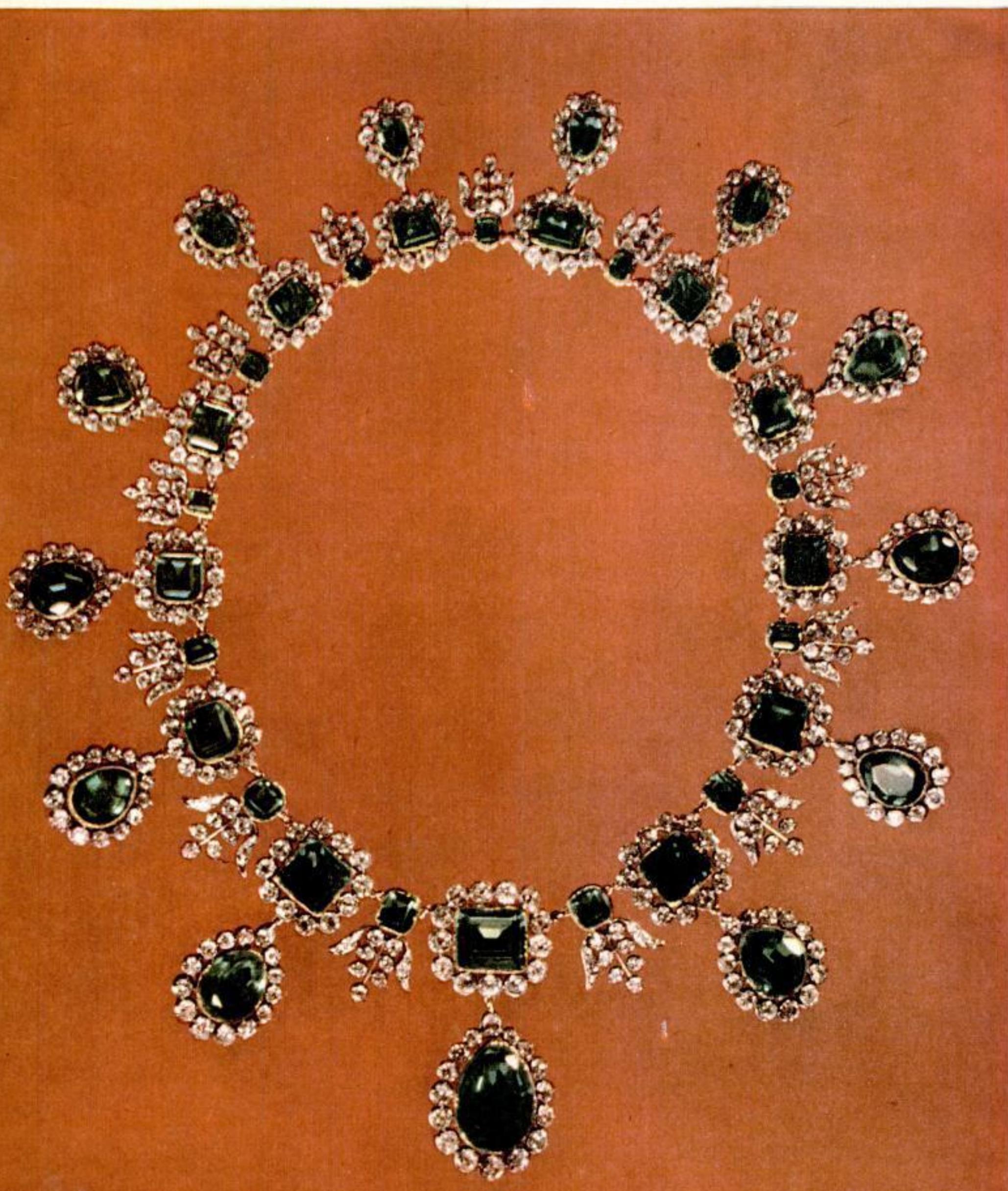
Isabel of Bavaria, wife of the luxury-loving French king, Charles VI, was an extravagant woman in an extravagant court. On Jan. 1, 1403, Isabel surprised her husband with a spectacular New Year's gift in the shape of a gold and jeweled tabernacle (*opposite page*). Designed to adorn the altar of the king's chapel, it bore the brightly enameled figures of Charles himself and, to his right, his squire, kneeling before the Madonna and Child. In the archway below the glittering bower stands a page with the king's beautifully saddled royal mount. Gifts like this were such a drain on the exchequer that in 1413, to settle a debt owed to her brother, Isabel sent the tabernacle to Bavaria, where it still remains in the Treasury of Altötting.



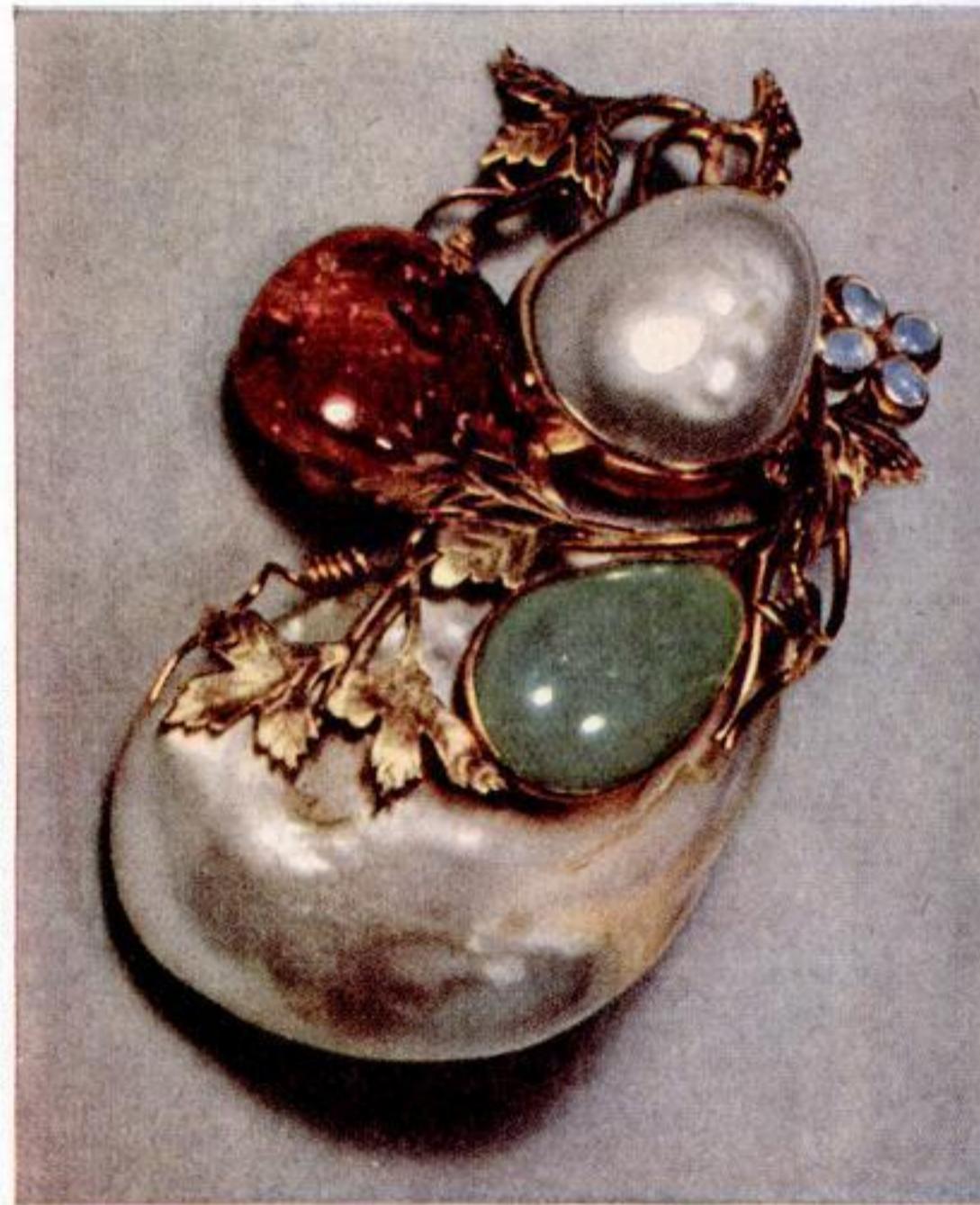
## GREAT GIFTS CONTINUED



VAN CLEEF & ARPELS, N.Y.



FRENCH BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, PARIS



A GIANT PEARL FOR A MOGUL'S WIFE

Shah Jahan, the Mogul emperor of 17th Century India, worshiped his beautiful wife Mumtaz Mahal, for whom, after her death, he built the fabulous Taj Mahal as a tomb. During her short lifetime he decked her with gifts, among them the gigantic three-inch Pearl of Asia (above) which had been found in the Persian Gulf. A century later another ruler of India gave the pearl to the Chinese Emperor Ch'ien Lung, who adorned it with gold leaves, jade, quartz and a smaller pearl. In 1900 the jewel, shown above life-size, was stolen from his tomb, later was bought for a fraction of its worth by a French missionary.

### A NECKLACE FOR AMERICA

In 1777 the young American republic received an unexpected gift—a lustrous necklace of emeralds and diamonds. It was given by a Polish countess who was in love with a soldier named Kosciuszko. When Kosciuszko went to America to fight with the Revolutionary Army, the countess went to the American envoy in Paris, Benjamin Franklin, and donated her necklace to the American cause. Franklin stored the necklace in a bank, but during the French Revolution it disappeared. In 1850 it turned up in a pawn shop, from which it was bought by the jewelers, Van Cleef & Arpels, who value it at \$500,000.

### A TIARA FOR NAPOLEON'S JOSEPHINE

In the early years of their marriage, when he was an up and coming soldier, Napoleon lavished affection on his beautiful Creole wife, Josephine. But by 1805, when he had become emperor and made Josephine his empress, he had lost interest in her. Lavishing gifts instead of love, he gave her a dazzling tiara (left), set with 880 diamonds. Four years later he divorced Josephine, but he allowed her to keep the tiara. It was handed down to her grandson, Napoleon III, who gave it to his wife, Eugénie. In 1870, during the Franco-Prussian war, she fled with it to England where she sold it to a London bank.



## FAMILY CIRCLE FOR A RUSSIAN PRINCESS

Czar Paul I of Russia was well pleased with his second wife, the tall, blond and winsome German princess whom his mother, Catherine the Great, had chosen for him. She had, wrote Paul, "the gift of spreading gaiety and ease and the art of dissipating my black moods." To celebrate his wife's 29th birthday in 1788 Paul commissioned a French artist, Jean Voilles, to paint miniatures of her and their six children. The portraits were done on ivory, framed in gold and set in a back-

ground of deep blue metal foil. Not long after, Paul's "black moods" began to descend on him with alarming frequency and by 1796 he was considered mad. Five years later he was assassinated by members of the imperial guard and his son Alexander I (shown in top portrait at the age of 11) was placed on the Russian throne. For years the family miniatures were preserved in the Hermitage palace in St. Petersburg, but after the revolution they were sold to a foreign collector.

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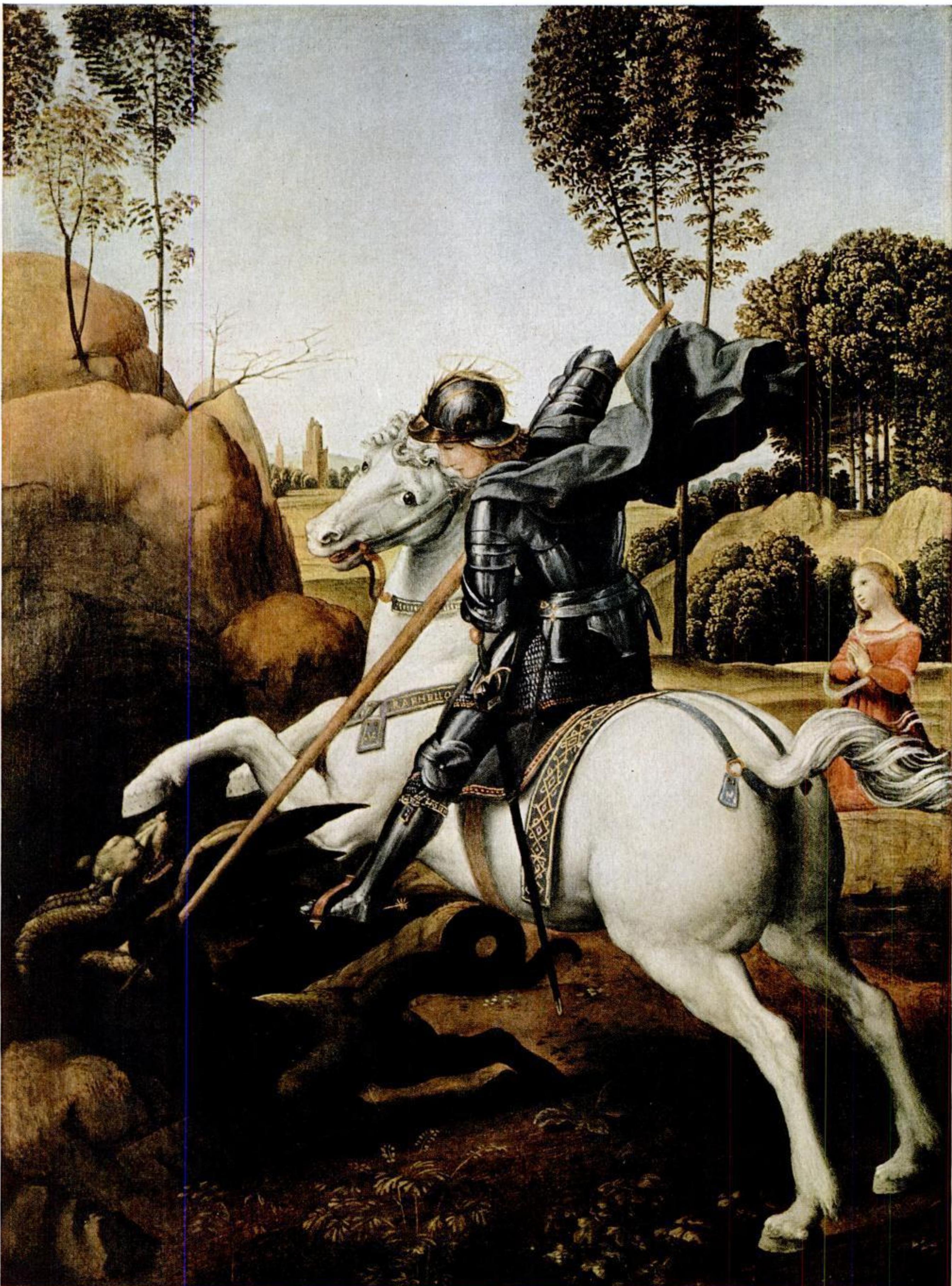


NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

MARRIAGE PORTAIT FOR A WIDOW

Margaret of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian I, wed and widowed twice before the age of 25, was the most influential woman of her day. As regent for her nephew, the future Emperor Charles V, she was ruler of the Low Countries. As a woman of taste she collected art, much of which was acquired from nobles and statesmen eager to gain her favor. One of the most important of these diplomatic donations was a painting she received from Don Diego de

Guevara, a councilor of Maximilian. It was by the Flemish artist, Jan van Eyck, who painted it in 1434 for Giovanni Arnolfini, an Italian merchant living in Bruges. A symbolic portrait of marriage, it portrayed Arnolfini and his wife exchanging vows of fidelity in their bridal chamber, with a single candle, signifying the presence of God, flickering in the chandelier overhead. In the convex mirror the artist painted himself and a friend who served as witnesses at the ceremony.



NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C.

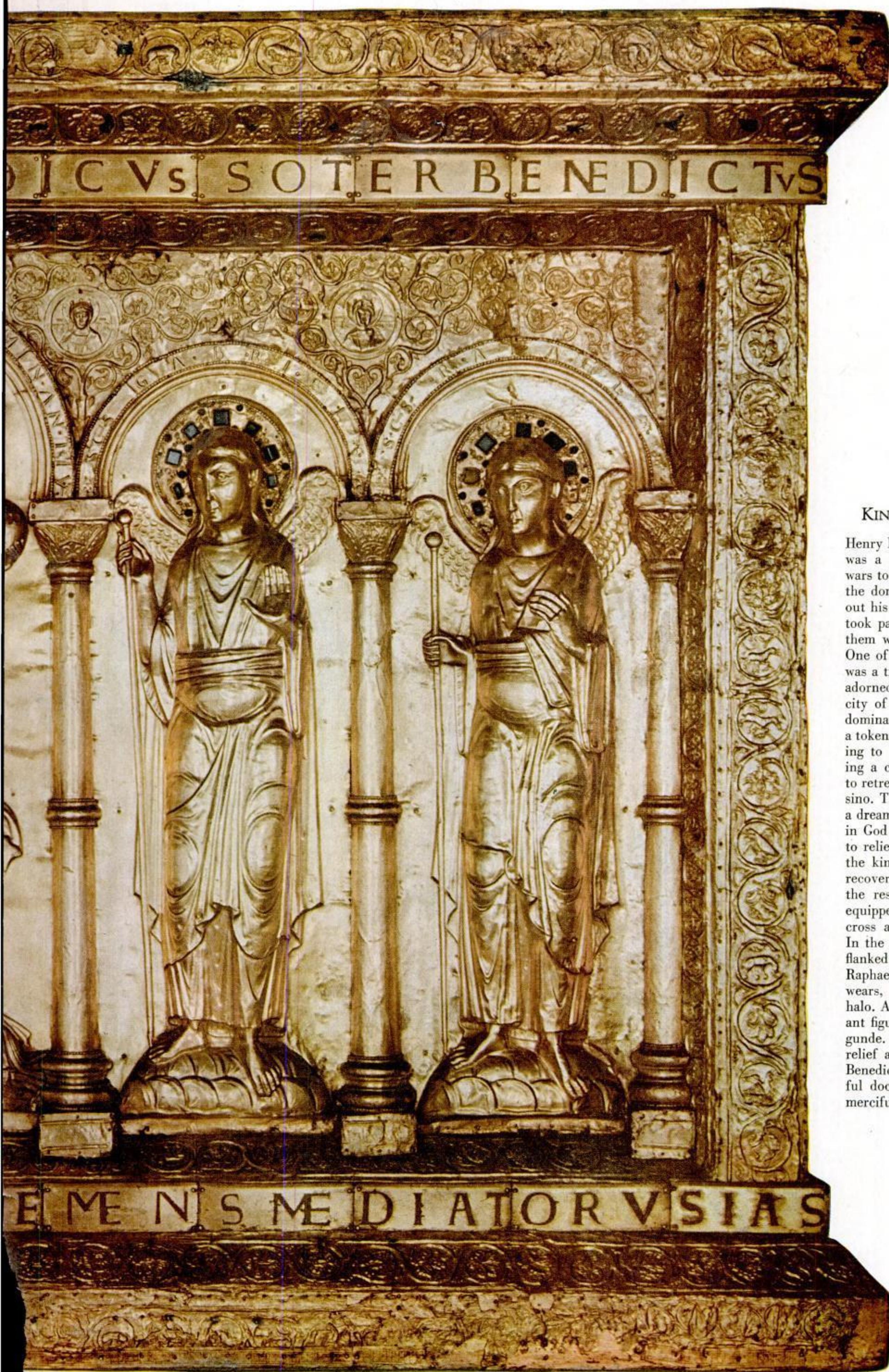
#### ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND'S KING

When Guidobaldo da Montefeltro became Duke of Urbino in 1482, he was eager to acquire all the honors once bestowed on his famous father, Federigo. Chief among these was England's ancient Order of the Garter. When Henry VII of England got wind of the duke's aspirations, he conferred on him the royal order hoping to enlist Guidobaldo as an ally against England's enemies in France and Italy. Guidobaldo not only became Henry's ally but also sent him a painting of

St. George, England's patron saint, done by Urbino's 22-year-old Raphael. The painting showed St. George slaying a dragon that was about to devour a princess and represented the youthful saint as a Renaissance knight wearing a blue garter inscribed with the motto of the English order. In 1772 Catherine the Great bought the picture for Russia's Hermitage Collection, from which, in 1931, it was purchased for \$726,500 by Andrew Mellon, who gave it to the National Gallery.

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#### KING'S THANKS TO A SAINT

Henry II, the 11th Century German king, was a pious ruler who waged constant wars to enlarge his own realm and fortify the dominions of the Church. Throughout his 22-year reign he built cathedrals, took part in their services and enriched them with donations of art and money. One of the most resplendent of his gifts was a tremendous gold relief (left) which adorned the cathedral altar of the Swiss city of Basel, which was under Henry's domination. It was presented in 1019 as a token of thanks to St. Benedict. According to legend, Henry had fallen ill during a campaign in Italy and was forced to retreat to the monastery of Monte Cassino. There St. Benedict came to him in a dream and said, "Because of your faith in God and His saints, I have been sent to relieve you of your infirmity." When the king awoke, he found himself fully recovered. In gratitude Henry undertook the restoration of Basel Cathedral and equipped it with an ornate throne, a gold cross and the 3-by-4½-foot altar relief. In the center of the relief stands Christ, flanked by the angels Michael, Gabriel and Raphael and, at far left, St. Benedict, who wears, like the others, a jewel-studded halo. At Christ's feet are the tiny suppliant figures of Henry and his wife, Kunigunde. Along the top and bottom of the relief appears the Latin inscription, "O Benedict, you who like God are a powerful doctor and saviour, cast your eyes, merciful healer, upon human sufferings."

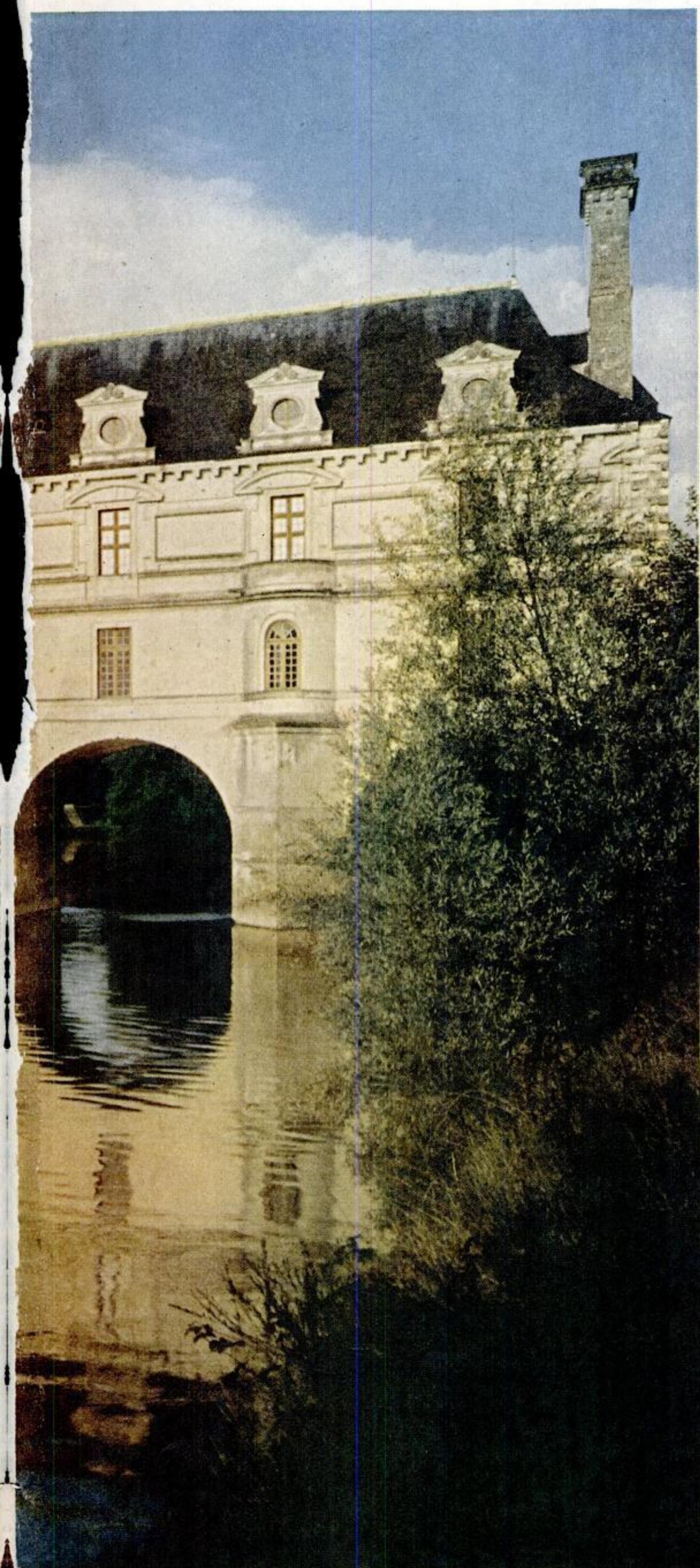
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#### A CHATEAU FOR A KING'S MISTRESS

Diane de Poitiers, widow of the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, was in her 30s when she met the young French prince, Henry, son of King Francis I. Henry, who had been unhappily married to Catherine de' Medici since the age of 14, was captivated by the charm and wisdom of the older woman. In 1538, when he was 19, Diane became his mistress and for the next 20 years she dominated his life as well as the affairs of his kingdom. When he became king in 1547, Henry II

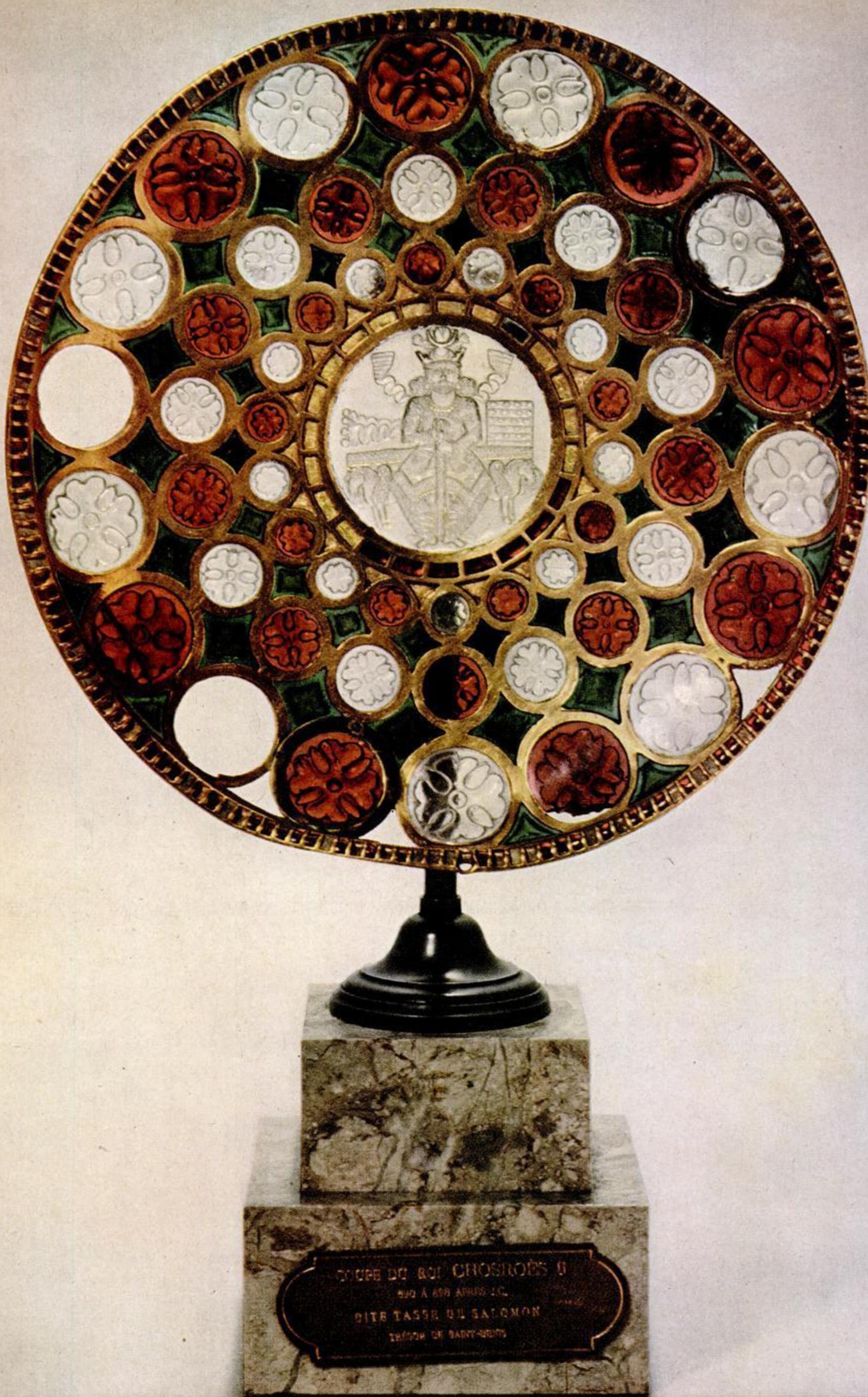
rewarded his mistress with the gracious 15th Century chateau of Chenonceaux, built over a river in the Loire valley. Diane promptly began to embellish her estate, laying out elaborate gardens and fountains and inscribing throughout the castle her initials, intertwined with those of the king. In 1559, when Henry died, his vengeful queen, Catherine, dispossessed Diane from Chenonceaux, took over the castle and straightway set about changing the inscribed initials from D. to C.



#### A VENETIAN PALAZZO FOR A BALLERINA

The most glamorous ballerina of the 1800s was an Italian dancer named Maria Taglioni. When she retired in 1847, an admirer, Russian Prince Alexander Troubetzkoy, persuaded her to settle near him in Venice. To fortify his persuasions he gave her the famous 15th Century Venetian *palazzo*, the Ca' d'Oro (shown above and below by day and night). But in 1857 her affair with Troubetzkoy came to an end. Maria sold the palace and withdrew to an obscure London flat.





#### A PERSIAN PLATE FOR CHARLEMAGNE

Toward the end of the 8th Century A.D., two of history's most famous rulers came to their thrones—Charlemagne, king of the Franks, and Harun-al-Rashid, the caliph of Bagdad whose nocturnal adventures are recorded in the *Arabian Nights*. Though their dominions lay thousands of miles apart, the two rulers exchanged embassies and conducted negotiations over trade rights and the privileges of Christian pilgrims in the Holy Land. In recognition of their friendship

and agreements Harun sent Charlemagne an elephant heaped with gifts. Among them was the historic plate of Khosru II, a Persian king who reigned around 600 A.D. The plate, composed of jewel-toned medallions set in a framework of gold, was decorated in the center with a portrait of the king carved in crystal. After Charlemagne's death the plate was given by his grandson to the abbey of St. Denis from which, after the Revolution, it passed to the national library in Paris.



#### A SHAH'S TOKENS FOR ENGLISHMEN

A thousand years after Charlemagne another Persian plate made its way across Europe to a new kind of ruler, the chairman of the East India Company in London, who governed British Eastern trade. It was sent by Fath Ali Shah, a 19th Century king of Persia who was almost as fond of giving gifts as he was of his harem of 800 "little ladies." The plate, "a token of favor from his majesty," was made of solid gold and enameled with flowers, birds and the Persian emblem of

the lion and sun. Around the same time an Englishman named Sir John Malcolm arrived in Persia bearing presents for the shah. A well-trained diplomat, Sir John brought not only gifts of finery but a simple potato as well, the first to be introduced into Persia. The shah was so well pleased by the English envoy that he created for him the Order of the Lion and Sun and gave him a gold and jewel-encrusted dagger, a copy of the shah's own ceremonial weapon.

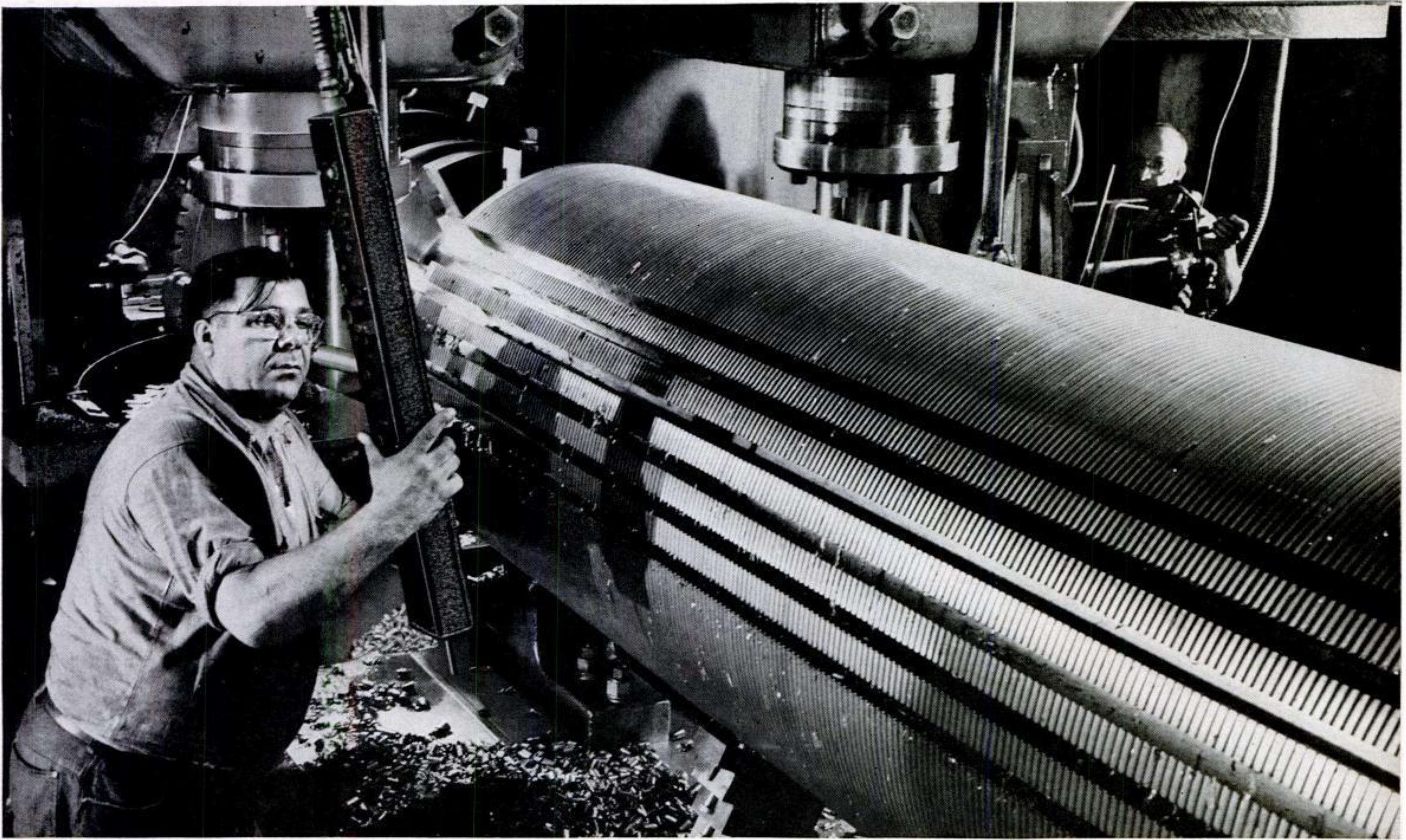
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#### A SILVER SERVICE FOR THE IRON DUKE

The Duke of Wellington was a little-known lieutenant general when he was sent to Portugal in 1808 to lead the British against Napoleon's forces. Five years later he was an international hero who had routed the French from Portugal and driven them back into Spain and France. So grateful were the Portuguese they made him Count of Vimeiro, Marquis of Torres Vedras, Duke of Victoria and Knight Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword. As a further demonstration of

thanks to the great Iron Duke, Portugal's Prince Regent put 120 goldsmiths and silversmiths to work for four years making a stupendous silver and gilt table service of more than 1,000 pieces. The service is dominated by a 28-foot centerpiece which stretches almost the entire length of the banquet table in Apsley House, the duke's London home, which is now a museum. The service includes (foreground): a soup tureen, a sauce boat, two saltcellars and a candlestick.



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generators, some powerful enough to supply an entire city. Typical of how electronic controls boost productivity is the machine above which turns out generator rotors with greater speed and efficiency than ever before. In industry—big and little—G-E electronics research is pointing the way to increased productivity, more efficient use of power.

## G-E Electronics Research helps protect America's critical edge in the Battle of Productivity

THE ability of America, its people and its industry, to produce is your major protection against foreign aggression now and in the years ahead.

America has decided to resist efforts of Iron Curtain countries to dominate the world. We must be prepared to outproduce our real or potential enemies or be overcome. We must maintain production, not only of armament, but also of the goods and materials that sustain our standard of living and keep our economy healthy.

On our side are the advantages of machine power and skill. The new science of electronics offers us a means of expanding these advantages.

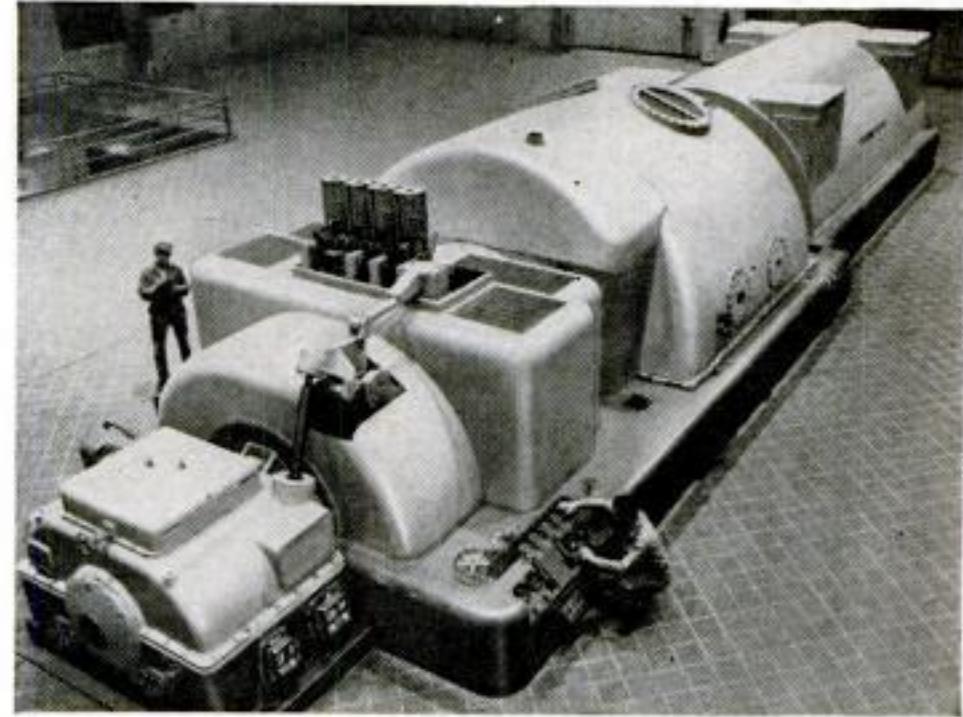
G-E research in electronics is blazing the trail in modernizing ways of work to give America a

new edge in the Battle of Productivity. By controlling machines . . . taking over the tasks of counting, sorting, measuring and guiding . . . electronics can multiply muscle power and mind power, enable American workers to produce more, with less physical exertion. G-E developments in electronics provide the workingman with better tools, the fighting man with better weapons, offer industry new ways to improve both productivity and quality. The same research experience, engineering and manufacturing skills that made these advances possible enter into the design and production of General Electric television and radio sets for the home. In all phases of electronics, you can look to G.E. for leadership.

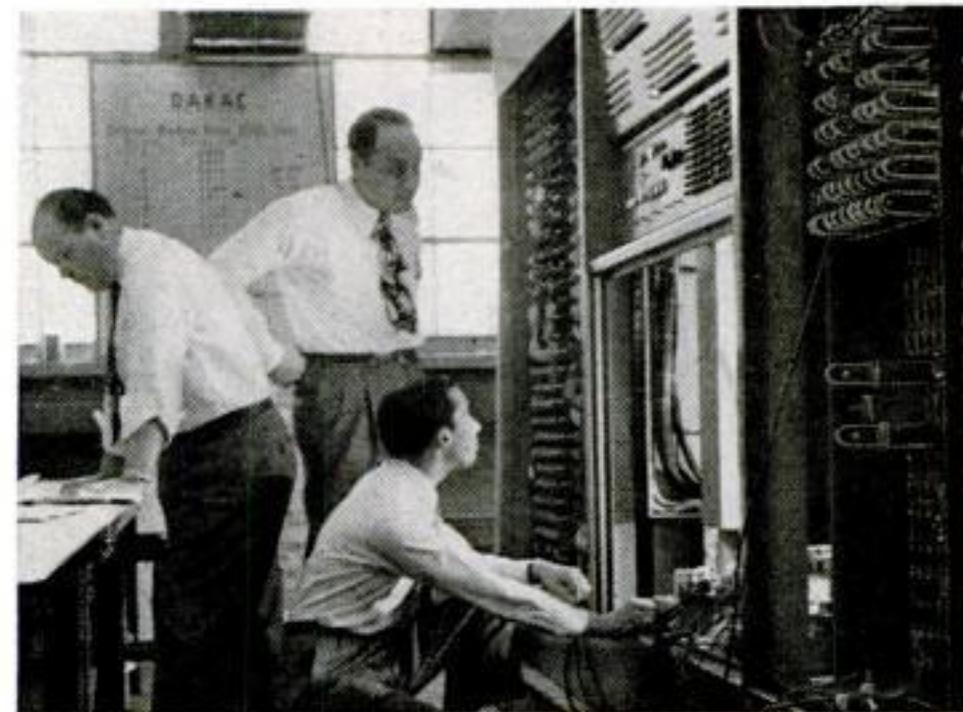
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**A MODERN TURBINE-GENERATOR.** Electric power equal to the muscle power of eight million men, about twice that of all the men in our combined armed forces, is packed inside this streamlined power maker. One of these giants generates enough electricity to produce 880 tons of steel every 3½ hours, or furnish light and power for a modern city.



**G-E ELECTRONIC "MATHEMAGICIAN" . . .** answers in seconds problems mathematicians would take 20 years to solve—even has an unfailing memory. Developed by G-E research to simplify research itself, this uncanny electronic "brain" speeds by many years the time-table of discovery—so vital to America's increased productivity and to your security.

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New ScotTissue is softer than ever  
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Get the world's largest selling bathroom tissue

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# WHY YOUR WIFE'S HANDS ARE SMOOTHER THAN HER MOTHER'S WERE



**A peek inside one of the world's largest laboratories devoted to making your wife's life easier**

What you see here are three girls dunking their arms in metal troughs. Inside the troughs are two different kinds of suds. After thirty minutes of this, the girls will get up and go back to their regular jobs in Procter & Gamble. As a result, your wife may have softer, smoother hands.

Here's how it works. Before we put any new hand-smoothing improvement

in one of our soaps or detergents, we try it out on people—like these patient girls. No matter what our scientific tests show, it's no improvement in our book if it doesn't please people when it's tried out on people.

Such homely, down-to-earth checking of complex laboratory findings has resulted in more than 20 improvements for making our products milder. Each

change has helped keep your wife's hands smoother than her mother's were.

We're proud of that record. But not satisfied. We keep right on improving what we make, because competition just won't let us stand still. We're not complaining. Our company makes progress that way. And so does your wife.

That's the reason behind our "people" research.



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**Progress Through Constantly Trying To Please**

THE EDITORS OF **LIFE** PRESENT

THE FIRST PUBLICATION ANYWHERE OF A NEW SONG:

# Happy Christmas, Little Friend

WORDS BY

Oscar  
Hammerstein, 2<sup>nd</sup>

MUSIC BY

Richard  
Rodgers



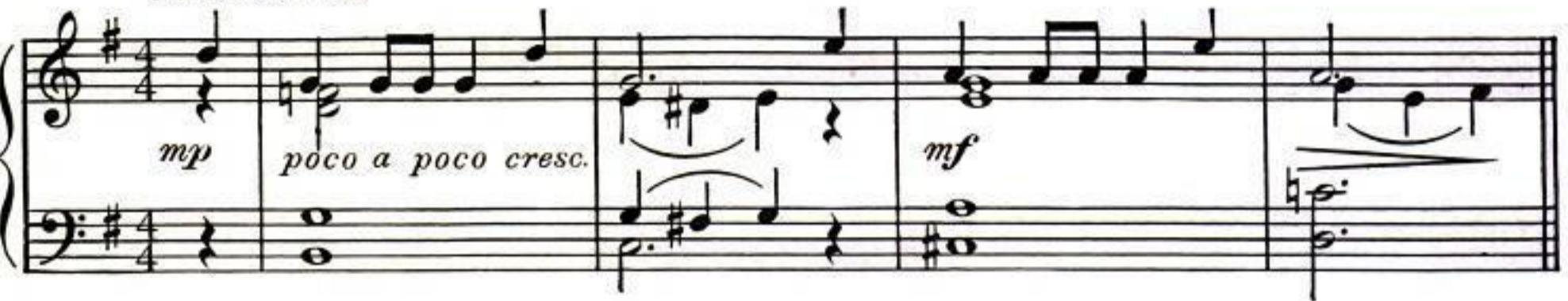
# Happy Christmas, Little Friend

Words by  
**OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2<sup>nd</sup>**

Music by  
**RICHARD RODGERS**

Moderato

Piano



The soft morn-ing light of a pale win-ter sun Is trac-ing the trees on the snow, Leap  
gliss.



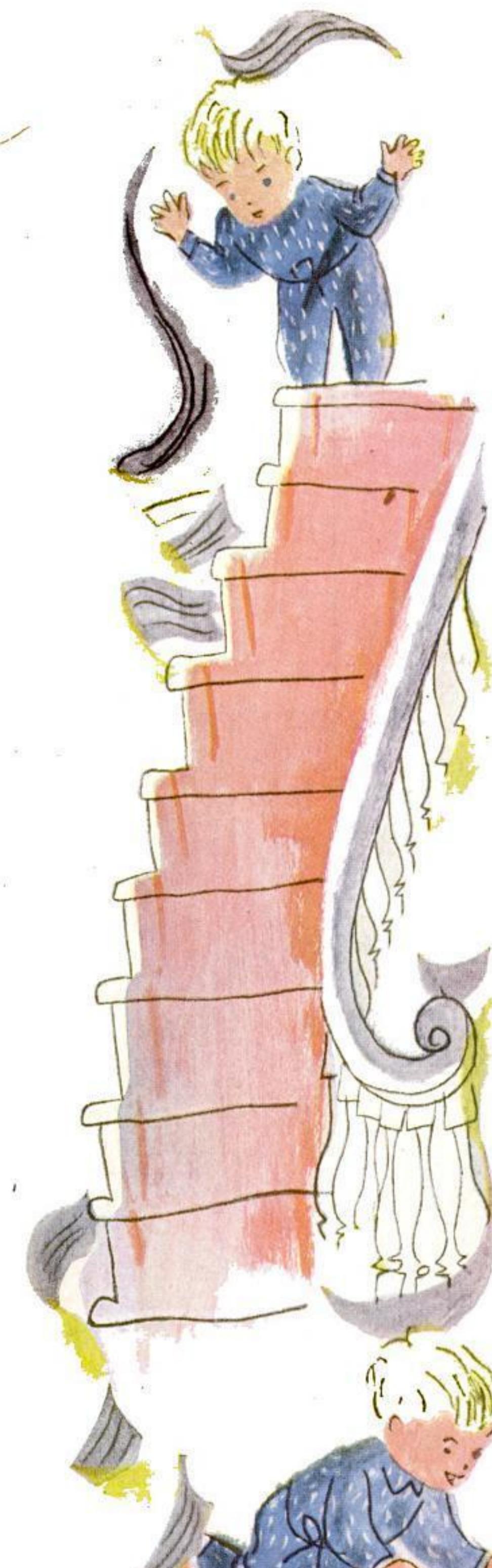
up lit-tle friend and fly down the stairs For Christmas is wait-ing be-low. There's a tree in the room run-ning



o-ver with stars that twinkle and sing to your eyes And un-der the tree there are pres-ents that say Un-



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wrap me and get a sur - prise.

*mf* *mf* *rit* *dim.*



**Refrain (slowly)**

Hap - py Christ - mas, lit - tle friend, May your heart be laugh-ing all



day. May your joy be a dream you'll re - mem - ber, — As the



years roll a - long on their way. — As the years roll a - long on their






way — You'll be show - ing your own kid a tree.

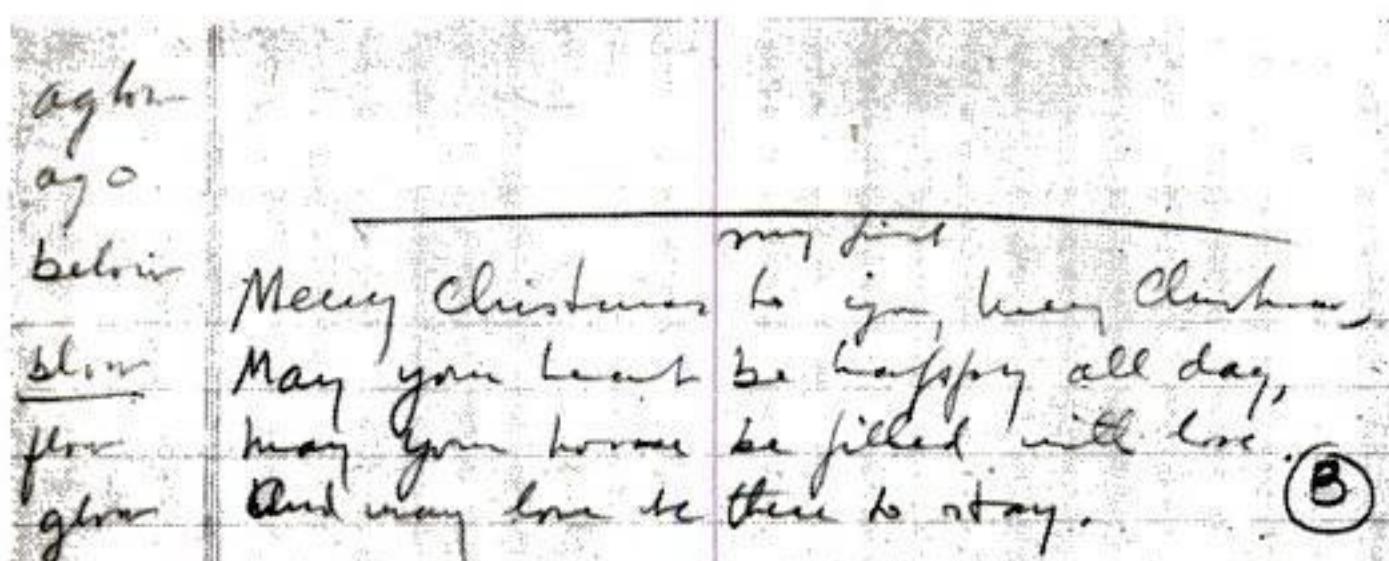
Then at last, my friend, you'll know How hap - py a Christ - mas can  
*cresc.*

be, — How hap - py a Christ - mas can  
*poco rit* *p.*

1. be. 2. be.  
*mf a tempo* *mf*

Sheet music for a vocal piece. The vocal line is in soprano and alto voices. The piano accompaniment is in bass and treble clef. The music consists of four staves of four measures each. The lyrics are: "way — You'll be show - ing your own kid a tree.", "Then at last, my friend, you'll know How hap - py a Christ - mas can", "be, — How hap - py a Christ - mas can", and "1. be. 2. be.". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings like "cresc.", "poco rit", and "mf a tempo".

## 'Happy Christmas' CONTINUED



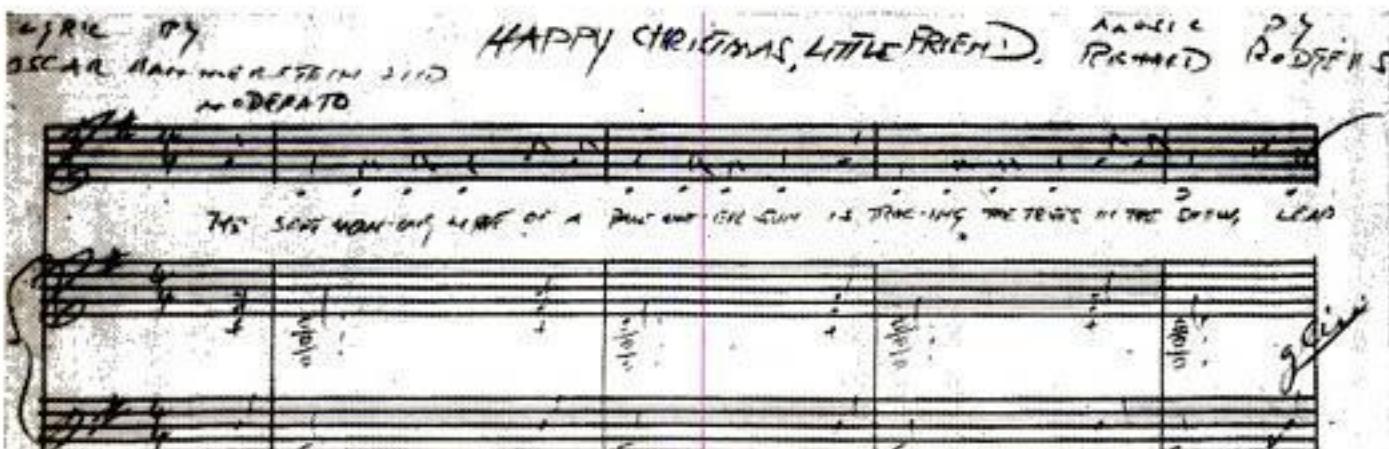
**REJECTED VERSION** of the lyric foreshadowed final version with "Merry Christmas, my friend, merry Christmas." Note Hammerstein's rhymes at left.

## SONG LAUNCHED IN SPRING WAS FINISHED IN SUMMER

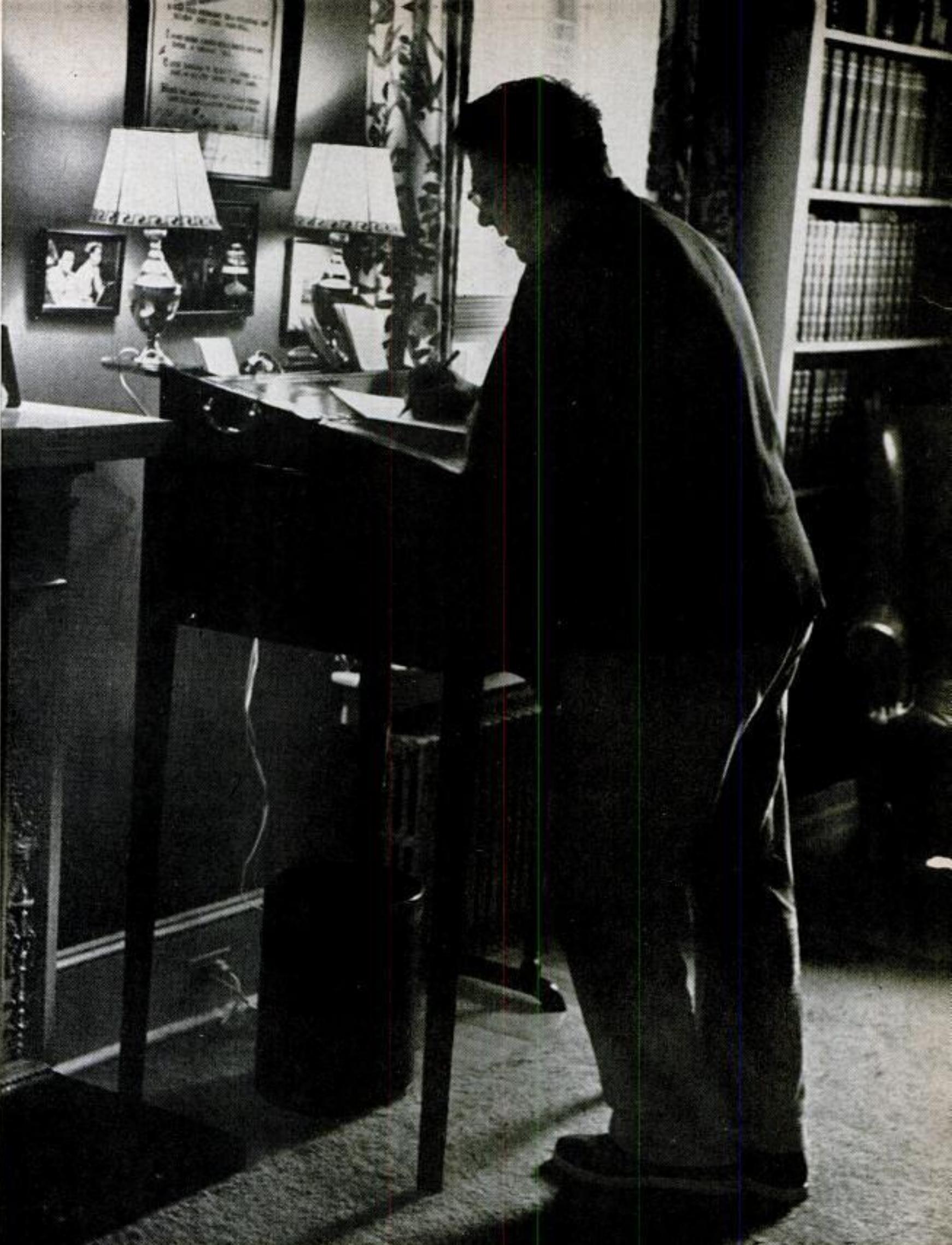
The Christmas song by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, published in full on the preceding pages, a special feature for this issue, is noteworthy in several respects. Hammerstein has written the lyrics for 43 shows, including *Show Boat* and *The Desert Song*. Rodgers has composed music for 40 (such as *A Connecticut Yankee*, *Pal Joey*). Together the two have coauthored five more including *Oklahoma!*, *South Pacific*, *The King and I*. But as a commercial song this is the first one they ever wrote which was not a part of a musical show or film and the first one they have ever written to order.

The idea for it was first broached by LIFE's editors last spring and quickly agreed to by Rodgers and Hammerstein on behalf of the Rodgers & Hammerstein Foundation. Since it was to be a Christmas song, they felt it should involve children and, without sacrificing musical interest, be singable and even playable by youngsters. Thereafter Rodgers ignored the project while Hammerstein began casting about for ideas. For unlike most musical teams this one begins with the words first. Early Hammerstein ideas were "Everyone Believes in Santa Claus" and "The Happiest Kid on the Street." Finally in August, after abandoning these, Hammerstein settled down to create in summer heat a song that would sound Christmas-like in December. As always, he made up a jingly melody to write to and in three weeks the warm, deceptively simple lyric of *Happy Christmas, Little Friend* was completed. He sent it to Rodgers—without the melody he wrote to, which he almost never shows his partner (Rodgers says they are terrible).

Despite his years at it, writing lyrics comes hard for Hammerstein. For Rodgers, writing the music is easy and, possibly after a false start or two, very quick. (When they were writing *South Pacific*, Hammerstein, during a party, showed his partner a new lyric he had written; it was *Bali Ha'i*. Rodgers withdrew into a corner, drew some staves and wrote the melody for what proved a major hit as fast as he could send pencil across paper.) He studied the *Little Friend* lyric at his home in Fairfield, Conn., then sat down to the piano one morning and composed it. Later he and Hammerstein went over the song together on several occasions to iron out minor difficulties. Then, *Little Friend* out of the way, they went back to work on the new show which they will open in New York in June. The fee paid for this song, incidentally, will inaugurate the Rodgers & Hammerstein Foundation, which will provide training, now unavailable, for youngsters with musical-comedy talent.



**OPENING BARS** of the song, when Rodgers had worked it out, were written in composer's typical hen tracks. His wife saves all Rodgers' original manuscripts.



**AT WORK ON SONG** Hammerstein (above) jotted lyrics at antique ship captain's desk in country home at Doylestown, Pa. Seeking out melody at Fairfield, Conn. home, Rodgers (below) whistled musical ideas and accompanied himself.





PLUNGING PAST US, HE STRUCK HEAVILY AT THE CURTAIN . . . TO DISCLOSE THE RUINS OF A LARGE CLOCK

# THE EXPLOITS OF *SHERLOCK HOLMES*

## THE ADVENTURE OF *THE* *SEVEN* *CLOCKS*

BY ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE & JOHN DICKSON GARR

*This is the first authorized Sherlock Holmes story to appear since The Adventure of Shoscombe Old Place, which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote and published a quarter century ago. It has the approval of*



DRAWINGS FOR "LIFE"  
BY ADOLF HALLMAN

**I**FIND recorded in my notebook that it was on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 16th of November, 1887, when the attention of my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes was first drawn to the singular affair of the man who hated clocks.

I have written elsewhere that I had heard only a vague account of this matter, since it occurred shortly after my marriage. Indeed, I have gone so far as to state that my first post-nuptial call on Holmes was in March of the following year. But the case in question was a matter of such extreme delicacy that I trust my readers will forgive its suppression by one whose pen has ever been guided by delicacy rather than by sensationalism.

A few weeks following my marriage, then, my wife was obliged to leave London on a matter which concerned Thaddeus Sholto and vitally affected our future fortunes. Finding our new home insupportable without her presence, for eight days I returned to the old rooms in Baker Street. Sherlock Holmes made me welcome without question or comment. Yet I must confess that the next day, the 16th of November, began inauspiciously.

It was bitter, frosty weather. All morning the yellow-brown fog pressed against the windows. Lamps and gas-jets were burning, as well as a good fire, and their light shone on a breakfast-table uncleared at past midday.

Sherlock Holmes was moody and distraught. Curled up in his armchair in the old mouse-coloured dressing-gown and with a cherrywood pipe in his mouth, he scanned the morning newspapers, now and again uttering some derisive comment.

"You find little of interest?" I asked.

"My dear Watson," said he, "I begin to fear that life has become one flat and monotonous plain ever since the affair of the notorious Blessington."

"And yet," I remonstrated, "surely this has been a year of memorable cases? You are over-stimulated, my dear fellow."

his estate and was written, after exhaustive study of Sir Arthur's literary methods, by his son and by one of the best-known mystery writers alive. For an account of their unique collaboration, turn to page 62.

"Pon my word, Watson, you are scarcely the man to preach on that subject. Last night, after I had ventured to offer you a bottle of Beaune at dinner, you held forth so interminably on the joys of wedlock that I feared you would never have done."

"My dear fellow! You imply that I was over-stimulated with wine?" My friend regarded me in his singular fashion.

"Not with wine, perhaps," said he. "However?" And he indicated the newspapers. "Have you glanced over the balderdash with which the Press have seen fit to regale us?"

"I fear not. This copy of the *British Medical Journal*—"

"Well, well!" said he. "Here we find column upon column devoted to next year's racing season. For some reason it seems perpetually to astonish the British public that one horse can run faster than another. Again, for the dozenth time, we have the Nihilists hatching some dark plot against the Grand Duke Alexei at Odessa. One entire leading article is devoted to the doubtless trenchant question, 'Should Shop-Assistants Marry?'"

I forebore to interrupt him, lest his bitterness increase.

"Where is crime, Watson? Where is the *bizarre*, where that touch of the *outré* without which a problem in itself is as sand and dry grass? Have we lost them forever?"

"Hark!" said I. "Surely that was the bell?"

"And someone in a hurry, Watson, if we may judge from its clamour."

With one accord we stepped to the window, and looked down into Baker Street. The fog had partly lifted. At the kerb before our door stood a handsome closed carriage. A top-hatted coachman in livery was just closing the carriage-door, whose panel bore the letter M. From below came the murmur of voices followed by light, quick footsteps on the stairs, and the door of our sitting-room was flung open.

Both of us were surprised, I think, to perceive that our caller was a young lady: a girl, rather, since she could hardly have been as much

as eighteen. Seldom in a girl's face have I seen such beauty and refinement as well as sensitiveness. Her large blue eyes regarded us with agitated appeal. Her abundant auburn hair was confined in a rather small hat; and over her travelling dress she wore a dark-red jacket trimmed with strips of astrakhan. In one gloved hand she held a travelling-case with the letters C.F. over some sort of label. Her other hand was pressed to her heart.

"Oh, please, please forgive this intrusion!" she pleaded, in a breathless but low and melodious voice. "Which of you, I beg, is Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

My companion inclined his head.

"I am Mr. Holmes. This is my friend and colleague, Dr. Watson."

"Thank heaven I have found you at home! My errand—"

But our visitor could go no further than 'My errand.' She stammered, a deep blush spread up over her face, and she lowered her eyes. Gently Sherlock Holmes took the travelling-case from her hand, and pushed an arm-chair towards the fire.

"Pray be seated, madam, and compose yourself," said he, laying aside his cherrywood pipe.

"I thank you, Mr. Holmes," replied the young lady, shrinking into the chair and giving him a grateful look. "They say, sir, that you can read the human heart."

"Hum! For poetry, I fear, you must address yourself to Watson."

"That you can read the secrets of your clients, and even the—the errands upon which they come, when they have said not a single word!"

"They overestimate my powers," he answered, smiling. "Beyond the obvious facts that you are a lady's companion, that you seldom travel yet have recently returned from a journey to Switzerland, and that your errand here concerns a man who has engaged your affections, I can deduce nothing."

The young lady gave a violent start, and I myself was taken aback.

"Holmes," cried I, "this is too much. How could you possibly know this?"

"How, indeed?" echoed the young lady.

"I see it, I observe it. The travelling-case, though far from new, is neither worn nor battered by travel. Yet I need not insult your intelligence by calling attention to the paper label of the Hotel Splendide, at Grindelwald in Switzerland, which has been affixed with gum to the side of the case."

"But the other points?" I insisted.

"The lady's attire, though in impeccable taste, is neither new nor costly. Yet she has stayed at the best hotel in Grindelwald, and she arrives in a carriage of the well-to-do. Since her own initials, C.F., do not match the M. on the carriage-panel, we may assume her to occupy a position of equality in some well-to-do family. Her youth precludes the position of governess, and we are left with a lady's companion. As for the man who has engaged her affections, her blushes and lowered eyelids proclaim as much. Absurd, is it not?"

"But it is true, Mr. Holmes!" cried our visitor, clasping her hands together in even deeper agitation. "My name is Celia Forsythe, and for over a year I have been companion to Lady Mayo, of Groxton Low Hall, in Surrey. Charles—"

"Charles? That is the name of the gentleman in question?"

Miss Forsythe nodded her head without looking up.

"If I hesitate to speak of him," she continued, "it is because I fear you may laugh at me. I fear you may think me mad; or, worse still, that poor Charles himself is mad."

"And why should I think so, Miss Forsythe?"

"Mr. Holmes, he cannot endure the sight of a clock!"

"Of a clock?"

"In the past fortnight, sir, and for no explicable reason, he has destroyed seven clocks. Two of them he smashed in public, and before my own eyes!"

Sherlock Holmes rubbed his long thin fingers together.

"Come," said he, "this is most satis—most curious. Pray continue your narrative."

"I despair of doing so, Mr. Holmes. Yet I will try. For the past year I have been very happy in the employ of Lady Mayo. I must tell you that both my parents are dead, but I received a good education and such references as I could obtain were fortunately satisfactory. Lady Mayo, I must acknowledge, is of somewhat forbidding appearance. She is of the old school, stately and austere. Yet to me she has been kindness itself.

In fact, it was she who suggested that we take the holiday in Switzerland, fearing that the isolation of Groxton Low Hall might depress my spirits. In the train between Paris and Grindelwald we met—met Charles. I should say Mr. Charles Hendon."

Holmes had relapsed into the arm-chair, putting his finger-tips together as was his wont when he was in a judicial mood.

"Then this was the first time you had met the gentleman?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!"

"I see. And how did the acquaintanceship come about?"

"A trifling matter, Mr. Holmes. We three were alone in a first-class carriage. Charles's manners are so beautiful, his voice so fine, his smile so captivating—"

"No doubt. But pray be precise as to details."

Miss Forsythe opened wide her large blue eyes.

"I believe it was the window," said she. "Charles (I may tell you that he has remarkable eyes and a heavy brown moustache) bowed and requested Lady Mayo's permission to lower the window. She assented, and in a few moments they were chatting together like old friends."

"Hum! I see."

"Lady Mayo, in turn, presented me to Charles. The journey to Grindelwald passed quickly and happily. And yet, no sooner had we entered the foyer of the Hotel Splendide, than there occurred the first of the horrible shocks which have since made my life wretched.

"Despite its name, the hotel proved to be rather small and charming. Even then, I knew Mr. Hendon for a man of some importance, though he had described himself modestly as a single gentleman travelling with only one manservant. The manager of the hotel, M. Branger, approached and bowed deeply both to Lady Mayo and to Mr. Hendon. With M. Branger he exchanged some words in a low voice, and the manager bowed deeply again. Whereupon Charles turned round, smiling, and then quite suddenly his whole demeanour altered.

"I can still see him standing there, in his long coat and top-hat, with a heavy malacca walking stick under his arm. His back was turned towards an ornamental half-circle of ferns and evergreens surrounding a fireplace with a low mantel-shelf on which stood a Swiss clock of exquisite design.

"Up to this time I had not even observed the clock. But Charles, uttering a stifled cry, rushed towards the fireplace. Lifting the heavy walking stick, he brought it crashing down on the hood of the clock, and rained blow after blow until the clock fell in tinkling ruins on the hearth.

"Then he turned round and walked slowly back. Without a word of explanation he took out a pocket book, gave to M. Branger a banknote which would ten times over have paid for the clock, and began lightly to speak of other matters.

"You may well imagine, Mr. Holmes, that we stood as though stunned. My impression was that Lady Mayo, for all her dignity, was frightened. Yet I swear Charles had not been frightened; he had been merely furious and determined. At this point I caught sight of Charles's manservant, who was standing in the background amid luggage. He is a small, spare man with mutton-chop whiskers; and upon his face there was an expression only of embarrassment and, though it hurts me to breathe the word, of deep shame.

"No word was spoken at the time, and the incident was forgotten. For two days Charles was his usual serene self. On the third morning, when we met him in the dining-room for breakfast, it happened again.

"The wide windows of the dining-room had their heavy curtains partly drawn shut, against the dazzle of sun on the first snow. The dining-room was fairly well filled with other guests taking breakfast. Only then did I remark that Charles, who had just returned from a morning walk, still carried the malacca stick in his hand.

"'Breathe this air, madame!' he was saying gaily to Lady Mayo. 'You will find it as invigorating as any food or drink!'

"At this he paused, and glanced towards one of the windows. Plunging past us, he struck heavily at the curtain and then tore it aside to



MANSERVANT "TREP"

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE SEVEN CLOCKS

disclose the ruins of a large clock shaped like a smiling sun-face. I think I should have fainted if Lady Mayo had not grasped my arm."

Miss Forsythe, who had removed her gloves, now pressed her hands against her cheeks.

"But not only does Charles smash clocks," she went on. "He buries them in the snow, and even hides them in the cupboard of his own room."

Sherlock Holmes had been leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed, and his head sunk into a cushion, but he now half opened his lids.

"In the cupboard?" exclaimed he, frowning. "This is even more singular! How did you become aware of the circumstance?"

"To my shame, Mr. Holmes, I was reduced to questioning his servant."

"To your shame?"

"I had no right to do so. In my humble position, Charles would never—that is, I could mean nothing to him! I had no right!"

"You had every right, Miss Forsythe," answered Holmes kindly. "Then you questioned the servant, whom you describe as a small, spare man with mutton-chop whiskers. His name?"

"His name is Trepley, I believe. More than once I have heard Charles address him as 'Trep.' And I vow, Mr. Holmes, he is the faithfulest creature alive. Even the sight of his dogged English face was a comfort to me. He knew, he felt, he sensed my—I—my interest, and he told me these things. Though he refused to say so, I could tell he shared my fears. Yet Charles is not mad! He is not! You yourself must admit that, because of the final incident."

"Yes?"

"The final incident took place only four days ago. You must know that Lady Mayo's suite included a small drawing-room containing a piano. I am passionately devoted to music, and it was my habit to play to Lady Mayo and Charles after tea. On this occasion I had scarcely begun to play when a hotel servant entered with a letter for Charles."

"One moment. Did you observe the postmark?"

"Yes; it was foreign." Miss Forsythe spoke in some surprise. "But surely it was of no importance, since you—"

"Since I—what?"

A curious sort of bewilderment was manifest in our client's expres-



"UNTIL NINE O'CLOCK THIS DAY WEEK, WATSON!"

sion, and she touched the fine auburn hair under the brim of her hat. As though to drive away perplexity, she spoke rapidly.

"Charles tore open the letter, read it, and turned deathly pale. With an incoherent exclamation he rushed from the room. When we descended half an hour later, it was only to discover that he and Trepley had departed hurriedly with all his luggage. He left no message. He sent no word. I have not seen him since."

Celia Forsythe lowered her head, and tears glimmered in her eyes.

"Now, Mr. Holmes, I have been frank with you. I beg that you will be equally frank with me. What did you write in that letter?"

The question was so startling that I, for one, leaned back in my chair. Sherlock Holmes's face was without expression. His long nervous fingers reached out for the tobacco in the Persian slipper, and began to fill a clay pipe.

"In the letter, you say," he stated rather than asked.

"Yes! You wrote that letter. I saw your signature. That is why I am here!"

"Dear me!" remarked Holmes. He was silent for several minutes, the blue smoke curling about him, and his eyes fixed vacantly upon the clock on the mantel-shelf.

"There are times, Miss Forsythe," he said at last, "when one must be guarded in one's replies. I have only one more question to ask you."

"Well, Mr. Holmes?"

"Did Lady Mayo still preserve her friendliness for Mr. Charles Hendon?"

"Oh, yes! She became quite attached to him. More than once I heard her address him as Alec, apparently her nickname for him." Miss Forsythe paused, with an air of doubt, and even suspicion. "But what can you mean by such a question?"

Holmes rose to his feet.

"Only, madam, that I shall be happy to look into this matter for you. You return to Groxton Low Hall this evening."

"Yes. But surely you have more to say to me than this? You have answered not one of my questions!"

"Well, well! I have my methods, as Watson here can tell you. But if you could find it convenient to come here, say a week from this day, at nine o'clock in the evening? Thank you. Then I shall hope to have some news for you."

Palpably it was a dismissal. Miss Forsythe rose to her feet, and looked at him so forlornly that I felt the need to interpose some word of comfort.

"Be of good cheer, madam!" I cried, gently taking her hand. "You may have every confidence in my friend Mr. Holmes; and, if I may say so, in myself as well."

I was rewarded by a gracious and grateful smile. When the door had closed behind our fair visitor, I turned to my companion with some asperity.

"I do feel, Holmes, that you might have treated the young lady with more sympathy."

"Oh? Sets the wind is that quarter?"

"Holmes, for shame!" said I, flinging myself into my chair. "The affair is trivial, no doubt. But why you should have written a letter to this clock-breaking madman I cannot conjecture."

Holmes leaned across and laid his long thin forefinger upon my knee.

"Watson, I wrote no such letter."

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Tut, it is not the first time my name has been borrowed by others! There is devilry here, Watson, else I am much mistaken."

"You take it seriously, then?"

"So seriously that I leave for the Continent tonight."

"For the Continent? For Switzerland?"

"No, no; what have we to do with Switzerland? Our trail lies further afield."

"Then where do you go?"

"Surely that is obvious?"

"My dear Holmes!"

"Yet nearly all the data are before you, and, as I informed Miss Forsythe, you know my methods. Use them, Watson! Use them!"

Already the first lamps were glimmering through the fog in Baker Street, when my friend's simple preparations were completed. He stood at the doorway of our sitting room, tall and gaunt in his ear-flapped travelling-cap and long Inverness cape, his Gladstone bag at his feet, and regarded me with singular fixity.

"One last word, Watson, since you still appear to see no light. I would remind you that Mr. Charles Hendon cannot endure the s—"

"But that is clear enough! He cannot bear the sight of a clock."

Holmes shook his head.

"Not necessarily," said he. "I would further draw your attention to the other five clocks, as described by the servant."

"Mr. Charles Hendon did not smash those clocks!"

"That is why I draw your attention to them. Until nine o'clock this day week, Watson!"

A moment more, and I was alone.

During the dreary week which followed, I occupied myself as best I might. I played billiards with Thurston, I smoked many pipes of Ship's, and I pondered over the notes in the case of Mr. Charles Hendon. One does not associate for some years with Sherlock Holmes without becoming more observant than most. It seemed to me that some dark and sinister peril hung over that poor young lady, Miss Forsythe, nor did I trust either the too-handsome Charles Hendon or the enigmatic Lady Mayo.

On Wednesday, November 23rd, my wife returned with the welcome news that our fortunes were in better order and that I should soon be able to buy a small practice. Her homecoming was a joyous one. That night, as we sat hand in hand before the fire in our lodgings, I told her something of the strange problem before me. I spoke of Miss Forsythe, touching on her parlous plight, and on her youth and beauty and refinement. My wife did not reply, but sat looking thoughtfully at the fire.

It was the distant chime of Big Ben striking the half hour after eight, which roused me.

"By Jove, Mary!" cried I. "I had all but forgotten!"

"Forgotten?" repeated my wife, with a slight start.

"I have promised to be in Baker Street at nine o'clock tonight. Miss Forsythe is to be there."

My wife drew back her hand.

"Then you had best be off at once," said she, with a coldness which astonished me. "You are always so interested in Mr. Sherlock Holmes's cases."

Puzzled and somewhat hurt, I took my hat and my departure. It was a bitter cold night, with no breath of fog, but with the roads ice-locked in mud. Within the half hour a hansom set me down in Baker Street. With a thrill of excitement I observed that Sherlock Holmes had returned from his mission. The upper windows were lighted, and several times I saw his gaunt shadow pass and repass on the blinds.

Letting myself in with a latchkey, I went softly up the stairs and opened the door of the sitting-room. Clearly Holmes had only just returned, for his cape, his cloth cap, and his old Gladstone bag were scattered about the room in his customary untidy fashion.

He stood at his desk, his back towards me, and the light of the green-shaded desk-lamp falling over him as he ripped open envelopes in a small pile of correspondence. At the opening of the door he turned round, but his face fell.

"Ah, Watson, it is you. I had hoped to see Miss Forsythe. She is late."

"By heaven, Holmes! If those scoundrels have harmed the young lady, I swear they shall answer to me!"

"Scoundrels?"

"I refer to Mr. Charles Hendon, and, though it grieves me to say as much about a woman, to Lady Mayo as well."

The harsh, eager lines of his face softened.

"Good old Watson!" said he. "Always hurrying to the rescue of beauty in distress. And a pretty hash you have made of it, upon occasion."

"Then I trust," I replied with dignity, "that your own mission on the Continent was a success?"

"A touch, Watson! Pray forgive my outburst of nerves. No, my mission was not a success. It seemed to me that I had a direct summons to a certain European city whose name you will readily infer. I went there, and returned in what I fancy is record time."

"Well?"

"The—Mr. Hendon, Watson, is a badly frightened man. Yet he is not without wit. No sooner had he left Switzerland, than he must have divined that the false letter was a decoy to trap him. But I lost him. Where is he now? And be good enough to explain why you should call him a scoundrel."

"I spoke, perhaps, in the heat of the moment. Yet I cannot help disliking the fellow."

"Why?"

"In one of doubtless exalted position, a certain elaborateness of manner is permissible. But he bows too much! He makes scenes in public. He affects the Continental habit of addressing an English lady as 'madame,' instead of an honest 'madam.' Holmes, it is all confoundedly un-English!"

My friend regarded me strangely, as though taken aback, and was about to reply when we heard the clatter of a four-wheeler drawing up outside our street-door. Less than a minute later Celia Forsythe was in the room, followed by a small, hard-looking, dogged man in a bowler hat with a curly brim. From his mutton-chop whiskers I deduced him to be Trepley, the manservant.

Miss Forsythe's face was a-glow with the cold. She wore a short fur jacket, and carried a dainty muff.

"Mr. Holmes," she burst out without preamble, "Charles is in England!"

"So I had already supposed. And where is he?"

"At Groxton Low Hall. I should have sent a telegram yesterday, save that Lady Mayo forbade me to do so."

"Fool that I am!" said Holmes, striking his fist upon the desk. "You spoke of its isolation, I think. Watson! Will you oblige me with the large-scale map of Surrey? Thank you." His voice grew more harsh. "What's this, what's this?"

"My dear fellow," I expostulated, "can you read villainy in a map?"

"Open country, Watson! Fields. Woods. The nearest railway station fully three miles from Groxton Low Hall!" Holmes groaned. "Miss Forsythe, Miss Forsythe, you have much to answer for!"

The young lady fell back a step in amazement.

"I have much to answer for?" she cried. "Can you credit me, sir, when I tell you that so much continued mystery has all but driven the wits from my head? Neither Charles nor Lady Mayo will speak a word."

"Of explanation?"

"Precisely!" She nodded her head towards the servant. "Charles has sent Trepley to London with a letter, to be delivered by hand, and I am not even suffered to know its contents."

"Sorry, miss," observed the little man, gruffly but deferentially.

"That's orders."

For the first time I noted that Trepley, who was dressed more like a groom than a manservant, jealously pressed an envelope flat between his hands as though he feared someone might snatch it away. His pale eyes, framed in the mutton-chop whiskers, moved slowly round the room. Sherlock Holmes advanced towards him.

"You will be good enough to show me that envelope, my man," he said.

I have often remarked that a stupid person is the most doggedly loyal. Trepley's eyes were almost those of a fanatic.

"Begging your pardon, sir, but I will not. I will do as I have been ordered, come what may!"

"I tell you, man, this is no time to hesitate. I don't wish to read the

letter. I wish merely to see the address on the front and the seal on the back. Quickly, now! It may mean your master's life!"

Trepley hesitated and moistened his lips. gingerly, still gripping one corner of the envelope, he held it out without releasing it. Holmes whistled.

"Come!" said he. "It is addressed to no less a personage than Sir Charles Warren, the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police. And the seal? Ah! Just as I thought. You are engaged to deliver this letter at once?"

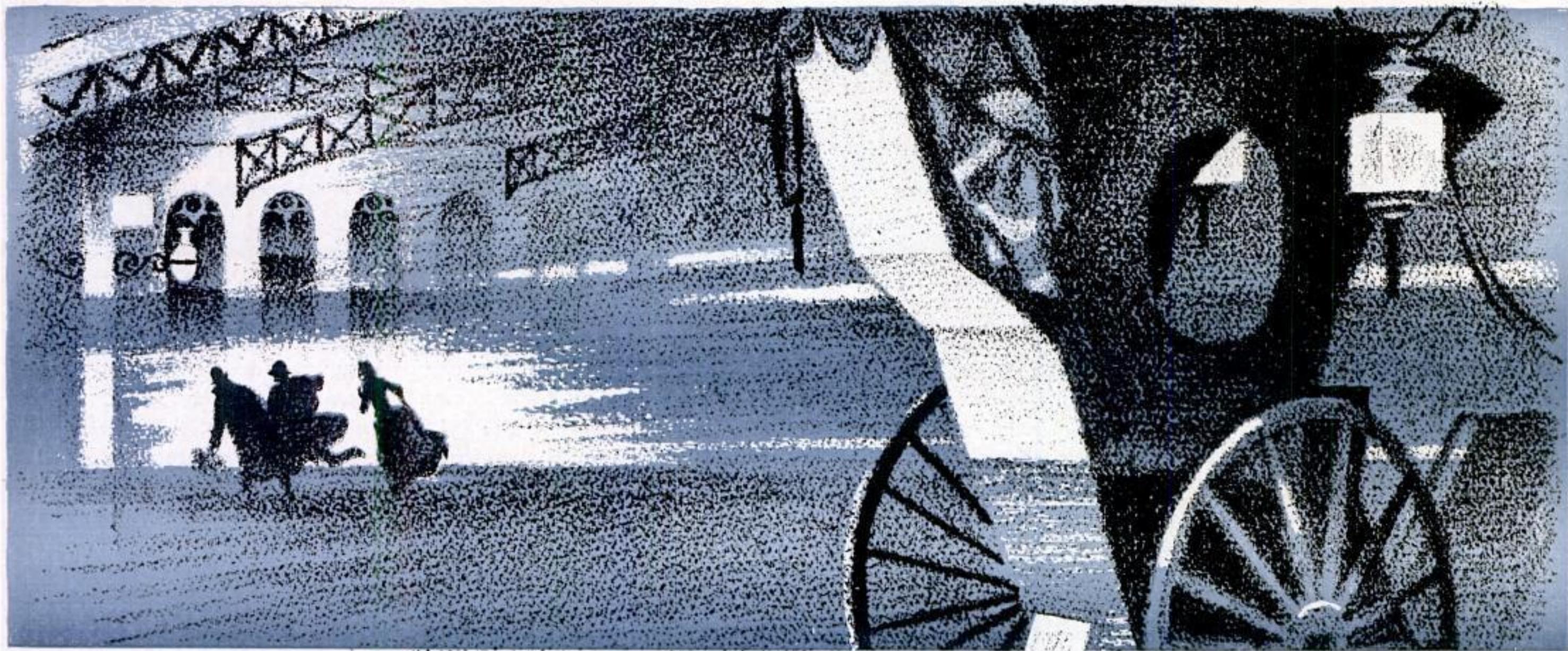
"Yes, Mr. Holmes."

"Then off with you! But detain the four-wheeler, for the rest of us will want it presently."

He did not speak until Trepley had clattered down the stairs. But the old feverishness was again upon him.



HE HELD IT OUT



HAVING FORGOTTEN STREETS OF FROZEN MUD . . . WE ARRIVED AT WATERLOO ONLY JUST IN TIME

"And now, Watson, you might just look up the trains in Bradshaw. Are you armed?"

"My stick."

"For once, I fear, it may prove inadequate." And he opened the left-hand drawer of the desk-table. "Oblige me by slipping this into your greatcoat pocket. A .320 Webley, with Eley's No. 2 cartridges—"

As the light gleamed on the barrel of the revolver, Celia Forsythe uttered a cry and put one hand on the mantelpiece to steady herself.

"Mr. Holmes!" she began, and then seemed to change her mind. "There are frequent trains to Groxton station, which, as you say is three miles from the Hall. Indeed, there is one in twenty minutes."

"Excellent!"

"But we must not take it."

"Must not take it, madam?"

"I have had no time to tell you, but Lady Mayo herself now appeals to you for help. Only this afternoon I persuaded her. Lady Mayo requests that we three take the 10:25, which is the last train. She will meet us at Groxton station with the carriage." Miss Forsythe bit her lip. "Lady Mayo, despite her kindness, is—imperious. We must not miss that last train!"

And yet we very nearly missed it. Having forgotten streets of frozen mud, and the crush of vehicles under blue, sputtering arc-lamps, we arrived at Waterloo only just in time.

Presently, as the train emerged into open country, our dim-lit compartment took on a greater quality of eeriness with each click of the wheels. Holmes sat silent, bending slightly forward. I could see his hawk-like profile, under the fore and aft cap, clear-cut against the cold radiance of a full moon. It was nearly half-past eleven when we alighted at a wayside station whose village had long been lightless and asleep.

Nothing stirred there. No dog barked. Near the station stood an open landau, without a clink of harness from the horses. Bolt upright sat the coachman, as motionless as the squat elderly lady who sat in the back of the landau, watching us stonily as we approached.

Miss Forsythe eagerly began to speak, but the elderly lady, who was wrapped in gray furs and had a good deal of nose, raised a hand to forestall her.

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes?" said she, in a singularly deep and musical voice, "and this other gentleman, I take it, is Dr. Watson. I am Lady Mayo."

She scrutinized us for a moment with a pair of singularly sharp and penetrating eyes.

"Pray enter the landau," she continued. "You will find quite a number of carriage-rugs. Though I deplore the necessity of offering an open conveyance on so cold a night, my coachman's fondness for fast driving," and she indicated the driver, who hunched up his shoulders, "has contrived to break the axle of the closed carriage. To the Hall, Billings! Make haste!"

The whip cracked. With an uneasy swing of the rear wheels, our

landau was off at a smart pace along a narrow road bordered with spiky hedgerows and skeleton trees.

"But I did not mind," said Lady Mayo. "Lackaday, Mr. Holmes! I am a very old woman. My youth was a time of fast driving; ay, and of fast living too."

"Was it also a time of fast dying?" asked my friend. "Such a death, for instance, as may overtake our young friend tonight?"

The hoof-beats rang on the icy road.

"I think, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said she quietly, "that you and I understand each other."

"I am sure of it, Lady Mayo. But you have not answered my question."

"Have no fear, Mr. Holmes. He is safe now."

"You are certain?"

"I tell you, he is quite safe! The park at Groxton Low Hall is patrolled. The house is guarded. They cannot attack him. I have an answer for everything!"

Whether my own outburst was caused by the smart clip of the landau, the rushing of wind past our ears, or the maddening nature of the problem itself, to this day I cannot say.

"Forgive the bluntness of an old campaigner," cried I, "who has no answer for anything. But at least take pity on the poor young lady beside you! Who is Mr. Charles Hendon? Why does he smash clocks? For what reason should his life be in danger?"

"Tut, Watson," said Holmes, with a touch of tartness. "You yourself staggered me by enumerating the points in which Mr. Charles Hendon, as you put it, is confoundedly un-English."

"Well? And why does that assist us?"

"Because the so-called 'Charles Hendon' is assuredly not English."

"Not English?" said Celia Forsythe, stretching out her hand. "But he speaks English perfectly!" The breath died in her throat. "Too perfectly!" she whispered.

"This young man," I exclaimed, "is not, then, of exalted station?"

"On the contrary, my dear fellow. Your shrewdness never fails. He is of very exalted station indeed. Now name for me the one Imperial Court in Europe—ay, Watson, Imperial Court!—at which the speaking of English has all but superseded its own native language."

"I cannot think. I don't know."

"Then endeavour to remember what you do know. Shortly before Miss Forsythe first called upon us, I read aloud certain items from the daily press which at the time seemed tediously unimportant. One item stated that the Nihilists, that dangerous band of anarchists who would crush Imperial Russia to nothingness, were suspected of plotting against the life of the Grand Duke Alexei at Odessa. The Grand Duke Alexei, you perceive. Now Lady Mayo's nickname for 'Mr. Charles Hendon' was—"

"Alec!" cried I.

"It might have been the merest coincidence," observed Holmes,



CRACK! CRACK! WENT THE WHIP. . . . THE HORSES, SNORTING, SETTLED DOWN TO A GALLOP

shrugging his shoulders. "However, when we reflect upon recent history, we recall that in an earlier attempt on the life of the late Tsar of all the Russias—who was blown to pieces in '81, by the explosion of a dynamite bomb—the ticking of the bomb was drowned beneath the playing of a piano. Dynamite bombs, Watson, are of two kinds. One, iron-sheathed and fairly light, may be ignited on a short fuse and thrown. The other kind, also of iron, is exploded by means of a clock-work mechanism whose loud ticking alone betrays its presence."

*Crack* went the coachman's whip, and the hedgerows seemed to unreel as in a dream. Holmes and I sat with our backs to the driver, *vis-à-vis* with the moon-whitened faces of Lady Mayo and Celia Forsythe.

"Holmes, all this is becoming as clear as crystal! That is why the young man cannot bear the sight of a clock!"

"No, Watson. No! The sound of a clock!"

"The sound?"

"Precisely. When I attempted to tell you as much, your native impatience cut me short at the first letter. On the two occasions when he destroyed a clock in public, bear in mind that in neither case could he actually see the clock. In one instance, as Miss Forsythe informed us, it was hidden inside a screen of greenery; in the other, it was behind a curtain. Hearing only that significant ticking, he struck before he had time to take thought. His purpose, of course, was to smash the clockwork and draw the fangs of what he believed to be a bomb."

"But surely," I protested, "those blows of a stick might well have ignited and exploded a bomb?"

Again Holmes shrugged his shoulders.

"Had it been a real bomb, who can tell? Yet, against an iron casing, I think the matter doubtful. In either event, we deal with a very courageous gentleman, haunted and hounded, who rushed and struck blindly. It is not unnatural that the memory of his father's death and the knowledge that the same organization was on his own trail, should tend toward hasty action."

"And then?"

Yet Sherlock Holmes remained uneasy. I noticed that he glanced round more than once at the lonely sweep of the grey rolling countryside.

"Well!" said he. "Having determined so much in my first interview with Miss Forsythe, it seemed clear that the forged letter was bait to draw the Grand Duke to Odessa, urging on him the pluck to face these implacable men. But, as I have told you, he must have suspected. Therefore he would go—where?"

"To England," said I. "Nay, more! To Groxton Low Hall, with the added inducement of an attractive young lady whom I urge to leave off weeping and dry her tears."

Holmes looked exasperated.

"At least I could say," replied he, "that the balance of probability lay in that direction. Surely it was obvious from the beginning that one in the position of Lady Mayo would never have entered so casually into railway-carriage conversation with a young man unless they had been, in Miss Forsythe's unwitting but illuminating phrase, 'old friends.'"

"I underestimated your powers, Mr. Sherlock Holmes." Lady Mayo, who had been patting Celia's hand, spoke harshly. "Yes, I knew Alexei when he was a little boy in a sailor-suit at St. Petersburg."

"Where your husband, I discovered, was First Secretary at the British Embassy. In Odessa I learned another fact of great interest."

"Eh? What was that?"

"The name of the Nihilists' chief agent, a daring, mad, and fanatical spirit who has been very close to the Grand Duke for some time."

"Impossible!"

"Yet true."

For a moment Lady Mayo sat looking at him, her countenance

far less stony, while the carriage bumped over a rut and veered.

"Attend to me, Mr. Holmes. My own dear Alec has already written to the police, in the person of Sir Charles Warren, the Commissioner."

"Thank you; I have seen the letter. I have also seen the Imperial Russian Arms on the seal."

"Meanwhile," she continued, "I repeat that the park is patrolled, the house guarded—"

"Yet a fox may escape the hounds none the less."

"It is not only a question of guards! At this minute, Mr. Holmes, poor Alec sits in an old, thick-walled room, with its door double-locked on the inside. The windows are so closely barred that none could so much as stretch a hand inside. The chimneypiece is ancient and hooded, yet with so narrow an aperture that no man could climb down; and a fire burns there. How could an enemy attack him?"

"How?" muttered Holmes, biting his lip and tapping his fingers on his knee. "It is true he may be safe for one night, since—"

Lady Mayo made a slight gesture of triumph.

"No precaution has been neglected," said she, "even the roof is safeguarded. Alec's manservant, Trepley, after delivering the letter in London with commendable quickness, returned by an earlier train than yours, and borrowed a horse at the village. At this moment he is on the roof of the Hall, faithfully guarding his master."

The effect of this speech was extraordinary. Sherlock Holmes leaped to his feet in the carriage, his cape rising in grotesque black silhouette as he clutched at the box-rail for balance.

"On the roof?" he echoed. "On the roof?"

Then he turned round, seizing the shoulder of the coachman.

"Whip up the horses!" he shouted. "For God's sake whip up the horses! We have not a second to lose!"

Crack! Crack! went the whip over the ears of the leader. The horses, snorting, settled down to a gallop and plunged away. In the confusion, as we were all thrown together, rose Lady Mayo's angry voice.

"Mr. Holmes, have you taken leave of your senses?"

"You shall see whether I have. Miss Forsythe! Did you ever actually hear the Grand Duke address this man as Trepley?"

"I—no!" faltered Celia Forsythe, shocked to alertness. "As I informed you, Char—oh, heaven help me!—the Grand Duke called him 'Trep.' I assumed—"

"Exactly! You assumed. But his true name is Treppoff. From your first description I knew him to be a liar and a traitor."

The hedgerows flashed past; bit and harness jingled; we flew with the wind.

"You may recall," pursued Holmes, "the man's consummate hypocrisy when his master smashed the first clock? It was a heavy look of embarrassment and shame, was it not? He would have you think Mr. Charles Hendon insane. How came you to know of the other five clocks, which were purely imaginary? Because Treppoff told you. To hide a clock or a live bomb in a cupboard would really have been madness, if in fact the Grand Duke Alexei had ever done so."

"But, Holmes," I protested. "Since Treppoff is his personal servant—"

"Faster, coachman! Faster! Yes, Watson?"

"Surely Treppoff must have had a hundred opportunities to kill his master, by knife or poison perhaps, without this spectacular addition of a bomb?"

"This spectacular addition, as you call it, is the revolutionaries' stock-in-trade. They will not act without it. Their victim must be blown up in one fiery crash of ruin, else the world may not notice them or their power."

"But the letter to Sir Charles Warren?" cried Lady Mayo.

"Doubtless it was dropped down the nearest street-drain. Ha! I think that must be Groxton Low Hall just ahead."

The ensuing events of that night are somewhat confused in my

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE SEVEN CLOCKS

mind. I recall a long, low-built Jacobean house, of mellow red brick with mullioned windows and a flat roof, which seemed to rush at us up a gravel drive. Carriage-rugs flew wide. Lady Mayo, thoroughly roused, called sharp instructions to a group of nervous servants.

Then Holmes and I were hurrying after Miss Forsythe up a series of staircases, from a broad and carpeted oak stairway in the hall to a set of narrow steps which were little more than a ladder to the roof. At the foot of these, Holmes paused for a moment to lay his fingers on Miss Forsythe's arm.

"You will stay here," he said quietly.

There was a metallic click as he put his hand into his pocket, and for the first time I knew that Holmes was armed too.

"Come, Watson," said he.

I followed him up the narrow steps while he softly lifted the trap-door to the roof.

"Not a sound, on your life!" he whispered. "Fire if you catch sight of him."

"But how are we to find him?"

The cold air again blew in our faces. We crept cautiously forward across the flat roof. All about us were chimneys, tall ghostly stacks and clusters of squat smoke-blackened pots, surrounding a great leaden cupola shining like silver under the moon. At the far end, where the roof-tree of an old gable rose against the sky, a dark shape seemed to crouch above a single moon-washed chimney.

A sulphur-match flared blue, then burned with a clear yellow glow. We heard the hissing of an ignited fuse as something clattered down the chimney. Holmes ran forward, twisting and turning through the maze of stacks and parapets, towards that hunched figure now hastily clawing away.

"Fire, Watson! Fire!"

Our pistols rang out together. I saw Trepoff's pale face jerk round towards us, and then in the same instant the whole chimney-stack rose straight up into the air in a solid pillar of white fire. The roof heaved beneath my feet, and I was dimly conscious of rolling over and over along the leads, while shards and splinters of broken brickwork whizzed overhead or clanged against the metal dome of the cupola.

Holmes rose unsteadily to his feet. "Are you hurt, Watson?" he gasped.

"Only a trifle winded," I replied. "But it was fortunate we were thrown on our faces. Otherwise—" I gestured towards the slashed and scarred stacks that rose about us.

We had advanced only a few yards through a mist of gritty dust when we came upon the man whom we were seeking.

"He must answer now to a greater Tribunal," said Holmes, looking

down at the dreadful object sprawled on the leads. "Our shots made him hesitate for that fatal second, and he took the full blast of the bomb up the chimney." My friend turned away. "Come, Watson," he added, and his voice was bitter with self-reproach. "We have been both too slow to save our client, and too late to avenge him through the machinery of human justice."

Suddenly his expression altered, and he clutched my arm.

"By Jove, Watson! A single chimney-stack saved our lives!" he cried. "What was the word the woman used? Hooded! That was it, hooded! Quickly; there's not a moment to lose!"

We raced through the trap-door, and down the stairways to the main landing. At the far end, through a haze of acrid smoke, we could discern the ruins of a splintered door. An instant later we had rushed into the bedroom of the Grand Duke. Holmes groaned aloud at the scene which met our eyes.

What was once a stately fireplace now yawned in a great jagged hole beneath the remnants of a heavy stone hood. The fire from the grate had been blasted into the room, and the air was foul with the stench of the carpet smouldering under its powder of red-hot ashes. Holmes darted forward through the smoke, and a moment later I saw him stoop behind the wreckage of a piano.

"Quick, Watson!" he cried. "There is life in him yet! This is where I can do nothing, and you can do everything."

But it was touch and go. For the remainder of the night the young Duke hovered between life and death in the old wainscotted bedroom to which we had carried him. Yet, as the sun rose above the trees in the park, I noted with satisfaction that the coma induced by shock was already passing into a natural sleep.

"His wounds are superficial," I said. "But the shock alone could have proved fatal. Now that he is asleep, he will live, and I have no doubt that the presence of Miss Celia Forsythe will speed his recovery."

"Should you record the facts of this little case," remarked Holmes a few minutes later, as we strolled across the dew-laden grass of the deer-park, all glittering and sparkling in the fresh beauty of the dawn, "then you must have the honesty to lay the credit where it is due."

"But does not the credit lie with you?"

"No, Watson. That the outcome was successful is owing entirely to the fact that our ancestors understood the art of building. The strength of a fireplace-hood two hundred years old saved that young man's head from being blown off his shoulders. It is fortunate for the Grand Duke Alexei of Russia, and for the reputation of Mr. Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street, that in the days of the good King James the householder never failed to allow for the violent predilections of his neighbour."

THE END



THE WHOLE CHIMNEY-STACK ROSE STRAIGHT UP INTO THE AIR IN A SOLID PILLAR OF WHITE FIRE



N.Y. 'WORLD' MOURNED DOYLE'S DEATH IN 1930

**S**IR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, who died in 1930, wrote an even 60 stories about Sherlock Holmes—56 short stories and four novels, more than half-a-million words in all. Yet in 1933 Vincent Starrett, a devout Holmes admirer, wrote, "Good, bad or indifferent, one wishes that there were stories yet to come. And why may not one hope? There is still—is there not?—that long row of year books which filled a shelf in Baker Street. . . ."

This hope reflected Starrett's tongue-in-cheek faith as a Baker Street Irregular that Sherlock Holmes actually lived and that the stories about him were all factual, written by the faithful Doctor Watson from voluminous records.

That faith has been justified, as the foregoing pages indicate. Sherlock Holmes, who once before returned miraculously to life, has returned again. He is back to stay, at least for a while. The authors, Adrian Conan Doyle, son of Holmes's originator, and John Dickson Carr, an acknowledged master of the mystery story and Sir Arthur's official biographer, have written *The Adventure of the Seven Clocks* as the first story in a series entitled *The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes*.

This unique revival is a literary event of major importance. For Sherlock Holmes, as most people know, is not merely the most famous fictional character ever created; he is also the most believed in and the most beloved. The Holmes books have never been out of print since he and Watson first appeared in 1887. They have been translated into almost every known language including Icelandic, Afrikander and Chinese, and some are even circulated in Russia. This is eloquent testimony to mankind's basic need for Sherlock Holmes since dictatorships generally, and Russia notably, ban detective stories as "decadent"—probably, as Mystery Historian Howard Haycraft has theorized, because any reading that reminds its people of individual rights is highly dangerous to a government-by-force.

Holmes's popularity has received other attestations. He has appeared in more than 100 movies (played by John Barrymore, Basil Rathbone and Raymond Massey among others), in nearly 1,000 radio dramatizations, has been seen in England on television, and has been the hero of at least 14 legitimate stage plays. Holmes has made his own name and such expressions as "Elementary, my dear Watson" a part of the English language. He has evoked an organization of devotees scattered throughout North America, with branches in Copenhagen, Tokyo, Paris and Sidney, Australia—the Baker Street Irregulars—who study and elucidate the Doyle writings and are chiefly responsible for the 750 volumes, pamphlets and articles which have been written about Holmes (and even about the books about him). Holmes has been solemnly endowed with a coat of arms, based on internal evidence in the stories, and a monk turned advertising executive, the late Harvey



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

# How Holmes Was Reborn

A UNIQUE LITERARY PARTNERSHIP  
ENGINEERED HIS SECOND RETURN

by HERBERT BREAN

Officer, even composed a Baker Street Suite for Violin and Piano, issued on two 12-inch records. For the Festival of Britain last year a full-scale replica of the famous quarters in Baker Street was assembled and joyful thousands paid a total of \$7,295.51 to inspect the synthetic residence of a man who never existed. As E. W. Hornung, himself the creator of the celebrated Raffles, once observed in a weirdly multiple pun, "Though he might be more humble, there's no police like Holmes."

The idea of attempting to continue this staggering (and very profitable) success had been discussed by Adrian Conan Doyle and John Dickson Carr ever since the latter began his research for the scholarly biography of Sir Arthur which he published in 1949. However it was not until last summer that they came to a decision. Both were in New York at the time, Doyle to open the Baker Street room exhibit for its first U.S. showing (LIFE, July 7).

"We were having coffee late one night in Adrian's suite at the Gladstone," Carr recalls, "and got to talking about Doyle's penchant for introducing American characters into his stories. Once again the project we had long discussed came up and Adrian said, 'Well, why don't we get down to it?'

"I said that for some time I had had an idea for a plot involving seven clocks and began outlining it. I was perhaps a quarter of the way through when Adrian interrupted with, 'Now wait a minute. Holmes wouldn't have done that.'

"And we were off."

## Even the commas are authentic

**I**F the venture's launching contained an element of spontaneity, there was nothing slapdash about its execution. Both Doyle and Carr knew they had set themselves the task of reproducing a monumental literary success which many others had attempted unsuccessfully. Literally hundreds of pastiches have been written about Holmes and Watson (and even Mycroft, Holmes's older, even more brilliant brother), all of them making some pretense at Doylean style. But Doyle-Carr carried imitation to the point of trying to think like Doyle, and use his words. They studied such minutiae as Doyle's sentence rhythms, his use of the comma, the number of words in the average Holmes sentence of dialog, and how long Doyle might continue a dialog of direct quotations without a "Said I" or "He remarked." Carr, who has produced 59 mystery novels, a number of which are rated among the very best, grew up on Sherlock Holmes and, like his partner, is thoroughly familiar with the Doyle vocabulary. Even so there have been many careful discussions on the use of such words as



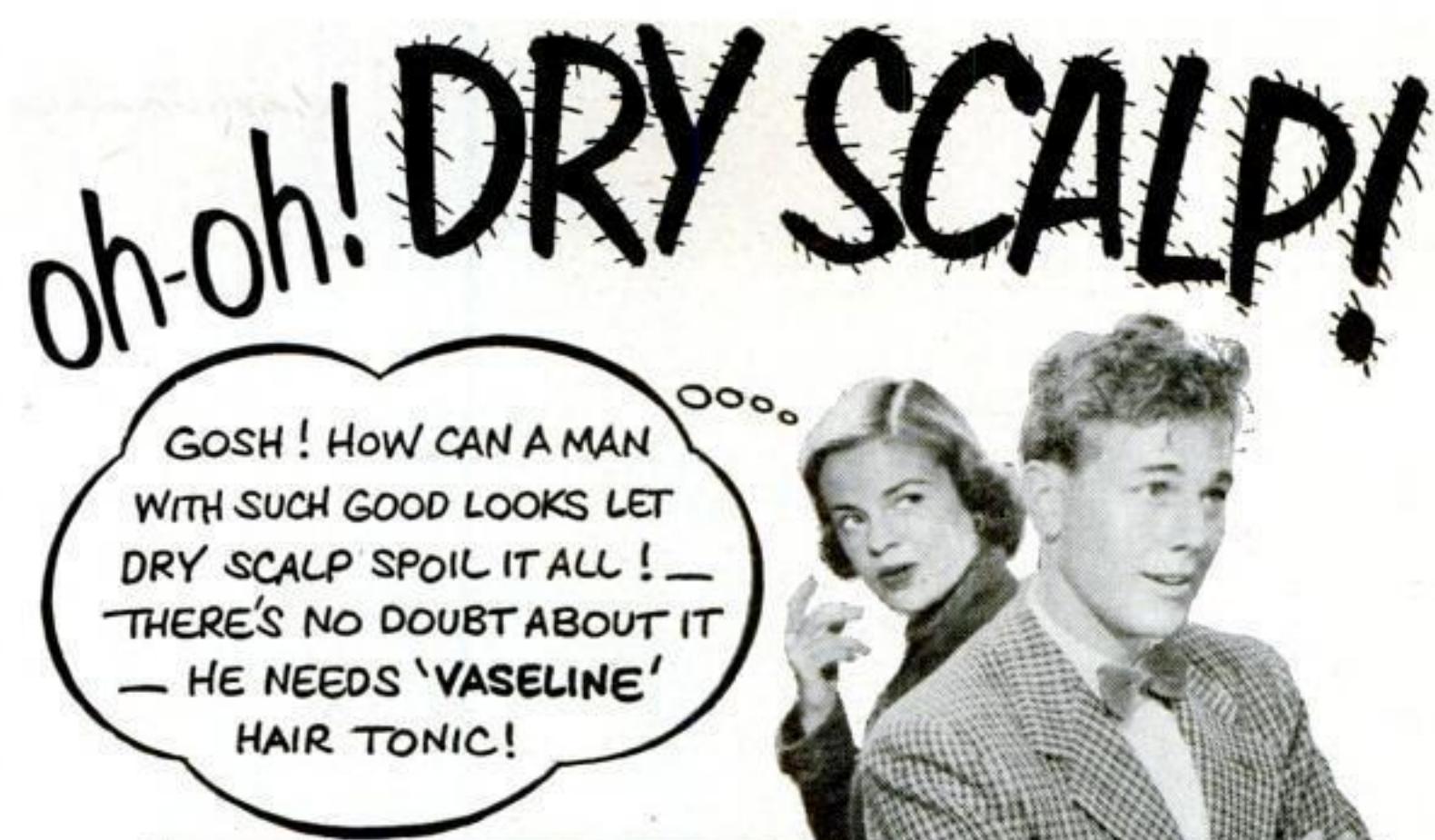
CARR (LEFT) AND DOYLE AT WORK IN HOLMES EXHIBIT

"wallet" which in England would be "notecase" but in Doyle-ese is plain, old-fashioned "pocketbook" (e.g., *The Adventure of the Copper Beeches*). For similar reasons what might have been "luggage" or "suitcase" becomes "traveling case."

Doyle-Carr furthermore have at their beck Adrian Doyle's remarkable stock of his father's personal papers and his own personal memories. When the mood was upon him Doyle himself had Holmes's gift for deducing a man's position and background from his bearing, clothing and physique, and more than once Adrian sat with him in a hotel dining room and listened to him draw his conclusions about a nearby diner ("a retired lieutenant of Marines, fresh from India"), then check them with the maître d'hôtel. Almost always Doyle's deductions proved right and were followed by a stern injunction to his son to learn how to use eyes and mind simultaneously.

Sir Arthur was an insatiable reader who usually read with an ordinary school "composition book" at his elbow in which to make notes of passages that interested him; later some appeared in the stories, quoted by the great detective himself. Since his father never threw away a note or jotting if he could help it, Adrian has an enormous supply of these, all carefully filed and catalogued in his home in Tangier, where he has lived since 1949. Some go back to the time of Sir Arthur's residence at Southsea, where he first conceived of Holmes and wrote the early stories. Of equal importance is the son's memories of his father's travels and enthusiasms. Says Adrian, "Many of our settings are genuine ones drawn from my father's life—manor houses where he and I stayed, and the like. We will similarly draw on the sort of real-life incident that he used. For example, the 'clue of the missing dumbbell' in *The Valley of Fear* was, as I well know, based on the fact that one morning my father, who liked to do morning exercises, could not find one of his dumbbells. A careless maid had kicked it under the bed. And you may recall the little scene in *The Sign of the Four* where McMurdo, the ex-pugilist guarding Pondicherry Lodge, refuses admittance to Bartholomew Sholto's visitors until he recognized Holmes as an amateur boxer who once fought him ('Ah, you're the one that has wasted your gifts, you have!'). That actually occurred to my father years before."

Before returning to Tangier from the U.S. last fall, the collaborators worked on the project whenever they got a chance to get together—at the Holmes exhibition, over a lunch or a midnight snack. The usual method was for each to pour out his ideas for plot points, phrases or bits of dialog, and the



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HOLMES IN A PLAY was first portrayed in the U.S. by William Gillette. Doyle's clear descriptions left no doubt as to what Sherlock looked like.

**HOLMES** CONTINUED

other to criticize or improve. As the story developed, either would scrawl sentences on sheets of paper as they were jointly agreed on; Carr would make notes on a typewriter when one was at hand. Says Doyle, "Some of it is written line by line alternately; we cannot tell, nor can anyone else, who wrote which phrase. When we write, our brains are each a half, forming one whole."

Usually the halves became a whole with both men lounging and leaping up by turns to pace, argue or gesticulate. Doing dialog one often took the part of Holmes and the other of Watson, to converse in the curious mixture of biting exasperation and bluff wonderment that was the usual Holmes-Watson conversational style. Arguments about fine points were not infrequent. Doyle might say, "At this point Holmes would tell the client he had done extremely well."

"Not 'extremely,'" Adrian. Holmes always used 'exceedingly.' "

"True. Right you are. But then what does he do, John?"

"Now mightn't he typically stray into a little philosophizing on the banality of crime, or how a flower like the moss rose proves the existence of God?" Rapport with the original Doyle methods was further enhanced by the authors' occasional handling of Sir Arthur's pistol or magnifying glass.

They found that this intense joint concentration was best continued for two hours at a time at most. But whether together or alone, they were planning the stories almost constantly, for the project dominated the minds of both. By its nature it had to.

For the secret of Arthur Conan Doyle's literary success was not merely an effectively simple style, a fine instinct for characterization and a splendid sense of narrative movement. He also possessed an extraordinary ability to imagine his every scene, character and action in such detailed, three-dimensional reality that he imparted an overwhelming sense of it to his readers. This seems to have been a forte of 19th Century novelists; it has been said that when Dickens' Little Nell died, all England wept. Doubtless it did. But when, after 26 stories, Holmes "died" in 1893, outraged readers wrote Doyle passionate letters beginning, "You beast," and "You cur," and personal friends upbraided him on the street. Even young British bankers went to their offices wearing crape bands of mourning.

Conversely, when in 1903 the *Strand* magazine triumphantly announced *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*, in which it was explained that Holmes's death had never occurred after all, it was an occasion for national rejoicing; Britons queued up and all but rioted in their eagerness to buy the magazine. Today people who are confident he is still alive write Holmes for advice at 221B, and some have even written the Swiss newspaper *Journal de Genève* for its issue of May 6, 1891, the date on which Doyle reported the paper carried its erroneous report that Holmes and Professor Moriarity had perished together in the Reichenbach Fall.

Connoisseurs will be relieved to learn that the Doyle-Carr writings have made no concession to current tastes as regards sex, sadism and other such inventions of the devil or of Mickey Spillane. Holmes continues a misogynistic bachelor, and females, how-

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HOLMES IN A BOOK was by Frederic Dorr Steele, who made classic portrait in 1903. He was making drawings for new edition when he died in 1944.

**HOLMES** CONTINUED

ever fetching, are chaste and are treated with the utmost respect (it may be recalled that for 24 years Doyle refused to publish *The Adventure of the Cardboard Box* in book form because in it he had permitted a lady to make what would now be regarded as a very mild pass at a married man).

Watson, similarly undergoing no sea change, remains as the man of action and simple chivalry that Doyle portrayed and not the comic bumbler that some have tried to make him out. ("After all," argues Carr, "who would look bright alongside Holmes?")

The authors have felt no temptation to vary the pattern which Doyle usually observed, beginning with the classic openings: Holmes making leisurely deductions about an object left behind (Dr. Mortimer's stick in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, Henry Baker's hat in *The Blue Carbuncle*); or the dramatic arrival of a client like Dr. Thorneycroft Huxtable (*The Priory School*) or Alexander Holder (*The Beryl Coronet*), often with an accompanying demonstration of deductive powers. Or the frantic announcement of vanished papers (*The Bruce-Partington Plans*, *The Second Stain*).

Immediately before or after this Doyle usually included a few tantalizing references to untold stories such as "The Singular Affair of the Aluminum Crutch" or "The Case of Wilson, the Notorious Canary Trainer" or "The Adventure of the Tired Captain." Then the statement of the case, usually by the client, and soon after, the departure on the adventure with its steady movement to the climax, and Holmes's ultimate explanation.

Special pains have been taken to reproduce certain Doylean literary tricks such as the enigmatic clue, the most famous of which (and perhaps the most famous passage in all mystery fiction) occurs in the brief conversation in *Silver Blaze*:

"[I would draw your attention] to the curious incident of the dog in the nighttime."

"[But] the dog did nothing in the nighttime."

"That was the curious incident."

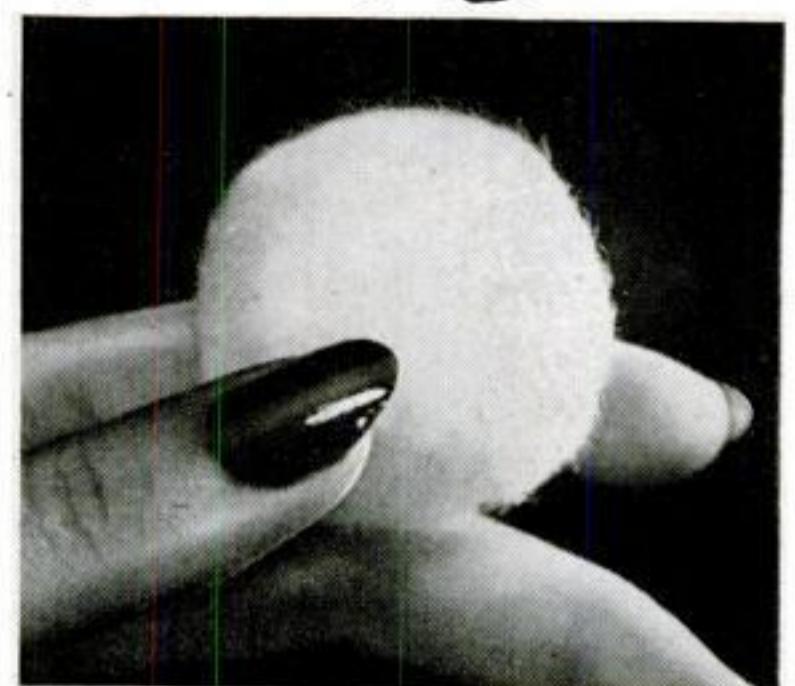
As Doyle usually but not always did, clues have been presented with painstaking fairness although they are as carefully hidden as Carr, who is highly skilled in this delicate technique, can manage. Most important of all, the partners have attempted to recapture the ability to arouse curiosity, which Doyle possessed in a superlative degree: the very essence of the mystery story which makes the reader ask, in pleasant bewilderment, what's going on here? . . . Why is this happening? Thus: why should someone go around breaking busts of Napoleon (*The Adventure of the Six Napoleons*) or find a priceless jewel in a Christmas goose's craw (*The Blue Carbuncle*) or pose as his own brother and write a letter to himself (*The Stock Broker's Clerk*). It is such titillating puzzles, presented with solid realism and ultimately explained convincingly, that place the Holmes tales ahead of all others.

Another problem for the collaborators was the creation of the pungent Victorian and Edwardian flavor which permeates the Holmes stories with their now-extinct hansom cabs and gasogenes (an early form of the seltzer bottle). These tales are authentic

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*The handiest thing in cotton*

**Red Cross\*  
Cotton Balls**



**The ideal size  
for applying make-up**



**Dozens of other uses, too**

- ★ applying baby oil to tender young skin
- ★ bathing baby's eyes
- ★ applying antiseptic to cuts
- ★ removing nail polish

**Red Cross\* Cotton Balls** are the softest, whitest, most absorbent surgical cotton available.

**100% Sterile!** Made of famous Red Cross\* Cotton—the cotton used in more homes than all other brands combined. Insist on Red Cross\* Cotton Balls.



*The most trusted name in surgical dressings...*

**Johnson & Johnson**

\*No connection whatever with American National Red Cross

RENOVED  
'ROUND THE WORLD

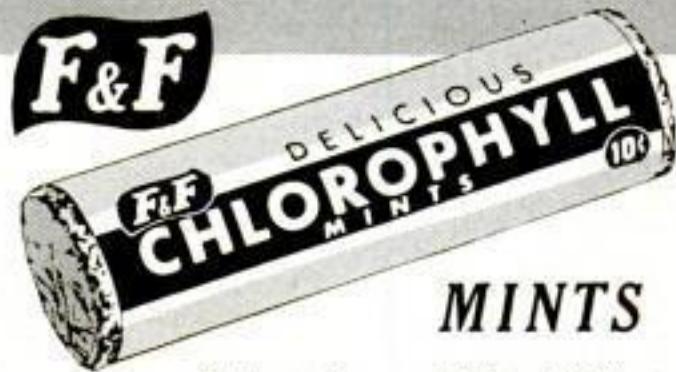
COOK'S  
Imperial  
AMERICAN  
Champagne

PARIS 1878  
FRANCE 1889  
LOUISVILLE 1883

America's traditional  
toast for over 100 years  
...Dry...Extra dry...Brut

American Wine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## BAD BREATH?



10¢

Take no chances! Eat a delicious  
F & F Chlorophyll candy Mint  
after every meal. Relieves bad  
odors originating in the mouth.

for a big roll at your candy counter

## COUGH MISERY?



at your  
candy counter 10¢

F & F Cough Lozenges give quick relief  
from coughs due to colds. Really medi-  
cated. Soothes throat. Reduces irritation.  
Try the delicious New CHERRY flavor

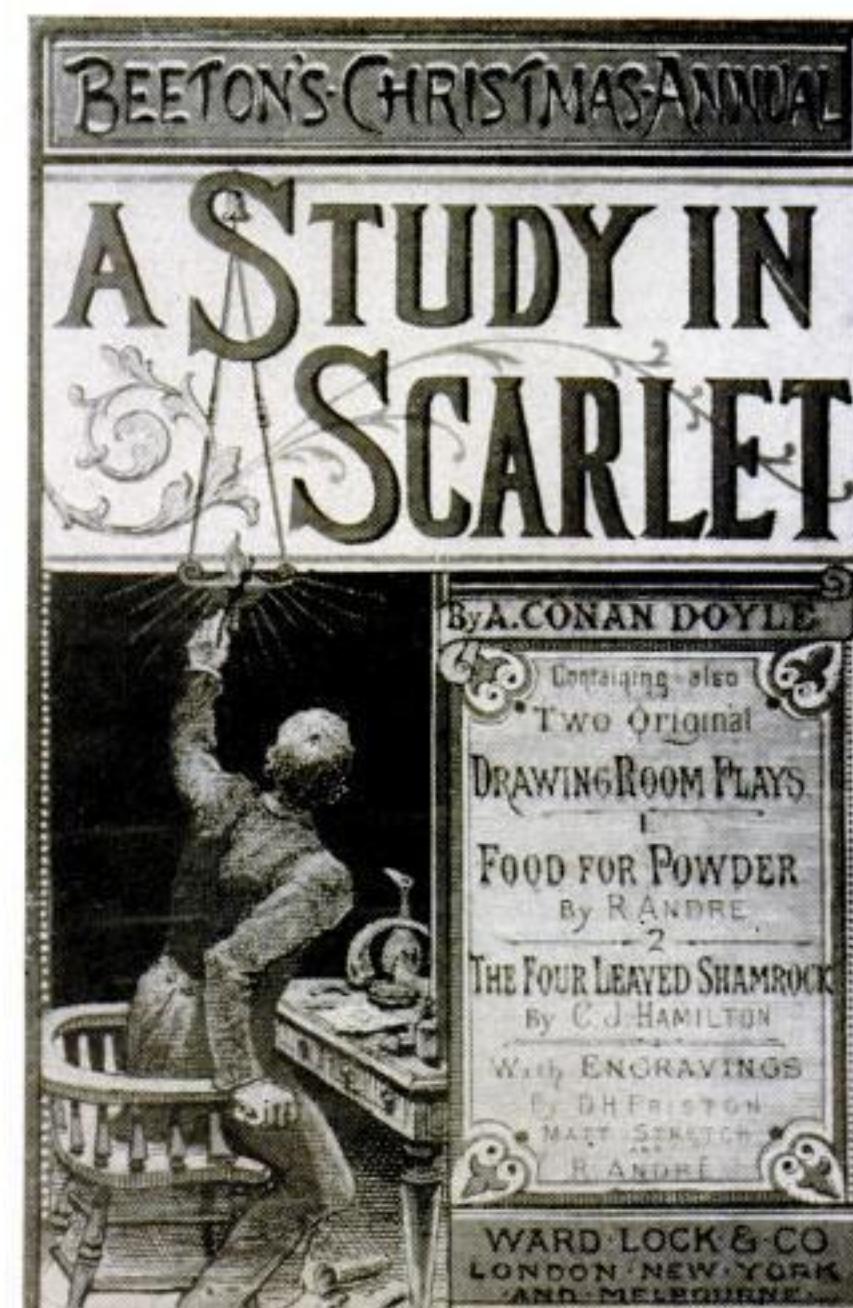
## HOLMES CONTINUED

vignettes of their period, and to simulate them entails scrupulous research. For instance, in *The Adventure of the Seven Clocks*, Holmes observes a travel sticker on a young woman's luggage and draws certain inferences from it. To be certain that this was no anachronism, Doyle and Carr enlisted the help of Thomas Cook & Sons to ascertain whether stickers were in use at that time, and by hotels in Switzerland. (They were.) Even the title of the story is typical of Doyle, who liked numerals in his titles (*Six Napoleons*, *Five Orange Pips*, *Sign of the Four*, *Three Garridebs* and *Second Stain*). This first story is based on one of the untold tales which Watson was forever mentioning with irritating casualness and never writing, and all the others will be similarly based. There are 75 of these references in all—enough starting points for more stories than Doyle himself wrote.

If 41-year-old Adrian, Sir Arthur's youngest son, brings a wealth of authentic detail to the collaboration, Carr brings no less a wealth of technical skill. The son of a U.S. congressman, Carr was born in Uniontown, Pa. 47 years ago. He attempted his first mystery at 13 and published his first detective novel in 1930. He is widely acknowledged to be the all-time champion at the "sealed room" type of mystery, in which a victim is found murdered at close range under circumstances (in a locked room, or in the middle of an untraced, snow-filled street) that seem to prove conclusively no one could have approached him. He is a member of both London's aloof Detection Club and of the Mystery Writers of America, of which he is a past president.

However much of care and skill Doyle-Carr lavish on their joint effort, it will not be too much, for they are attempting one of the most difficult literary feats in the world and in full view of one of the world's most critical audiences. Edgar W. Smith, leading spirit of the Baker Street Irregulars, for example, says the Irregulars welcome the new series with warm interest but cannot accept it into "the canon" of original stories. Most Holmes readers today and certainly all Holmes enthusiasts are actually rereaders who have gone through every word of the stories from five to 100 times. This familiarity with the original 60 tales must necessarily make the 61st seem foreign and unfamiliar. Doyle and Carr therefore have a considerable body of prejudice to surmount, except in the case of the reader wise enough to realize that the success of their efforts will ultimately be determined less by the first reading than by the fifth, and possibly in 1962 rather than in 1952.

There are certain heartening auguries. Not the least of them is the fact that 65 years after he made his portentous first appearance in Beeton's *Christmas Annual*, Sherlock Holmes now reappears in yet another sort of Christmas annual—to take LIFE's readers once again to 221B Baker Street where the tobacco is forever in the Persian slipper, the yellow fog coils as ever outside the window, and Holmes's strident voice perennially complains about the commonplaceness of crime—until the footstep of a client is heard upon the stair.



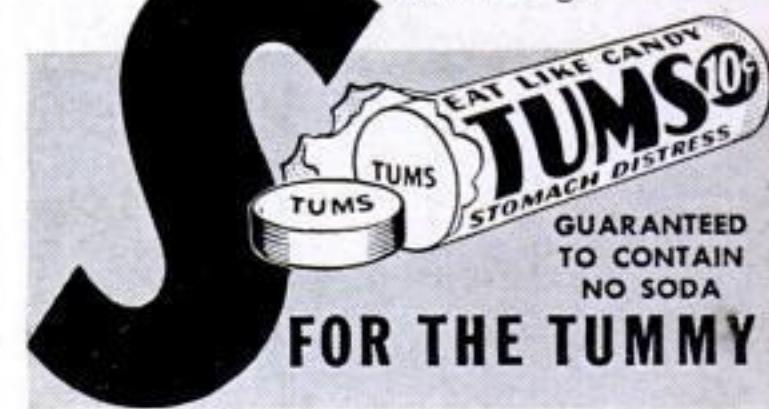
JUST 65 YEARS AGO Holmes made first appearance, also on Christmas, in British magazine.

# LET'S EAT!



NO FEAR OF  
ACID INDIGESTION,  
HEARTBURN, NOW!

Eat without fear of acid indigestion. Just take one or two Tums. Gas, heartburn, full feeling go fast. Tums neutralize excess acid, soothe and settle upset stomach. Tums do not over-alkalize or cause acid rebound. Cannot irritate delicate stomach or intestinal lining.



EAT LIKE CANDY  
TUMS  
STOMACH DISTRESS  
GUARANTEED  
TO CONTAIN  
NO SODA  
FOR THE TUMMY

✓ TRY ONE OR TWO TUMS AFTER BREAKFAST  
SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER

## JOLLY TIME ALWAYS POPS BETTER/ POP CORN

Cooking for a man?

What a dash  
can do  
for Hash!

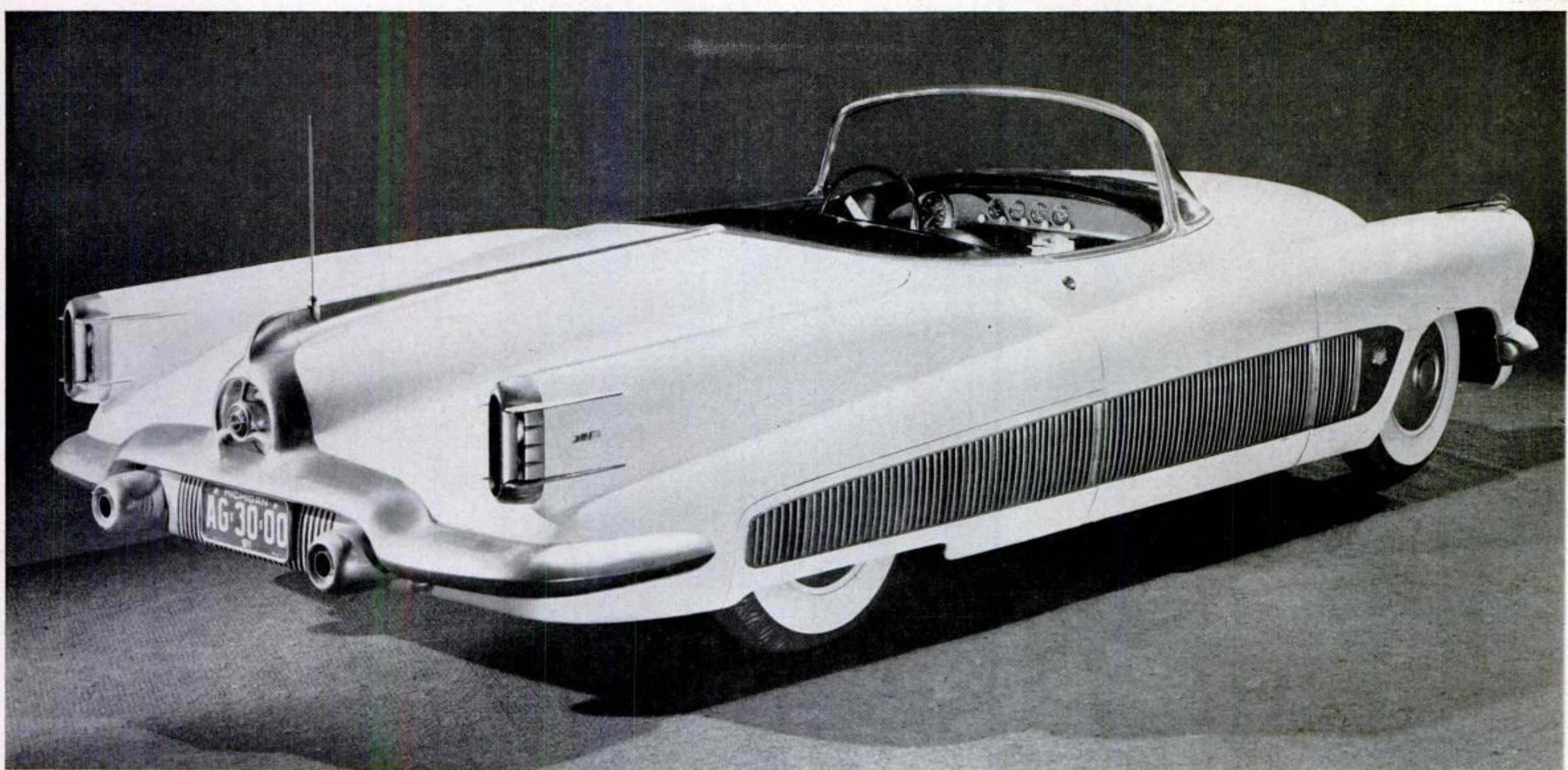
A.1  
SAUCE

the dash that makes the dish  
Ask for A.1.  
when dining out, too.

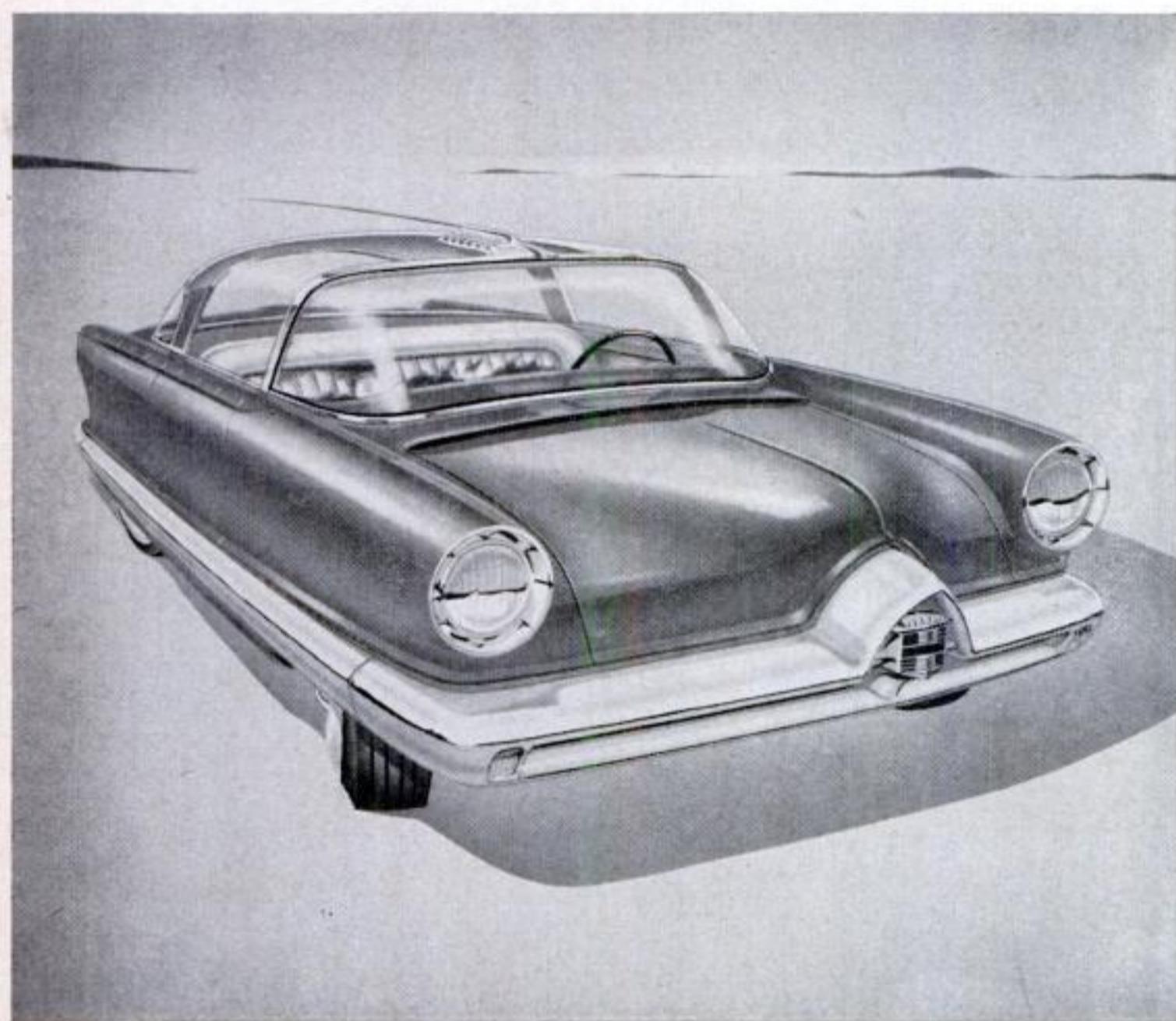


Brighter Shines  
WITH  
1/2 THE RUBBING

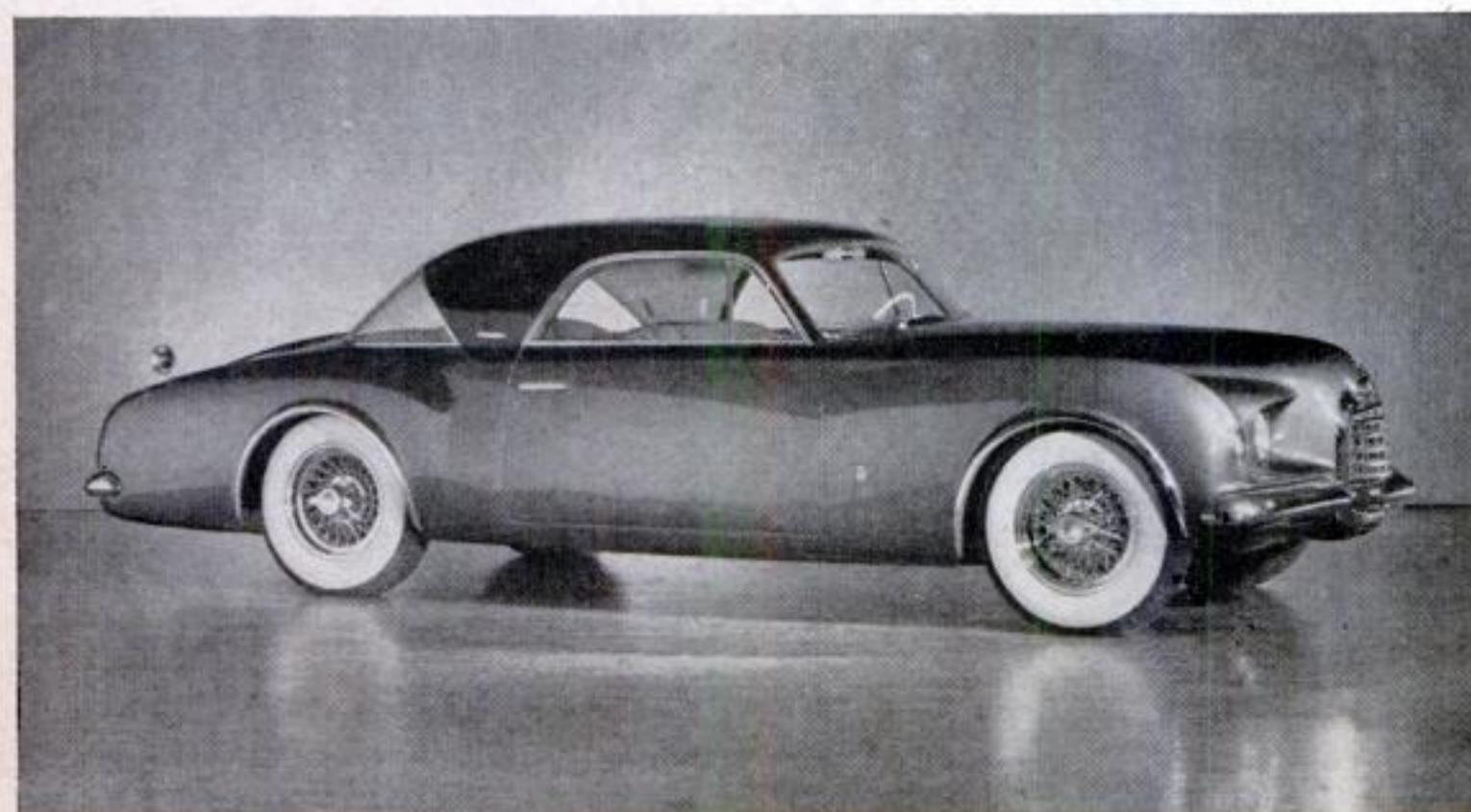
KIWI  
(KEE-WEE)  
SHOE POLISH



New Convertible features 335 h.p. V-8 engine, a removable top, adjustable steering wheel, and built-in hydraulic jacks.



Streamlined hard-top has doors that curve up into roof, making it easier to enter and leave. Note how bumper circles car completely.



American-designed, this new model was hand-crafted in Italy. Chrome-plated wire wheels add style, help cool brakes and tires.

## How'd you like to drive one of these?

**Auto-makers test experimental models today before putting their insignia on your car of tomorrow!**

Sooner than you think, the car you drive may have the sleek look of tomorrow you see here!

To speed the day, auto-makers build dozens of experimental cars. They test, measure, add improvements.

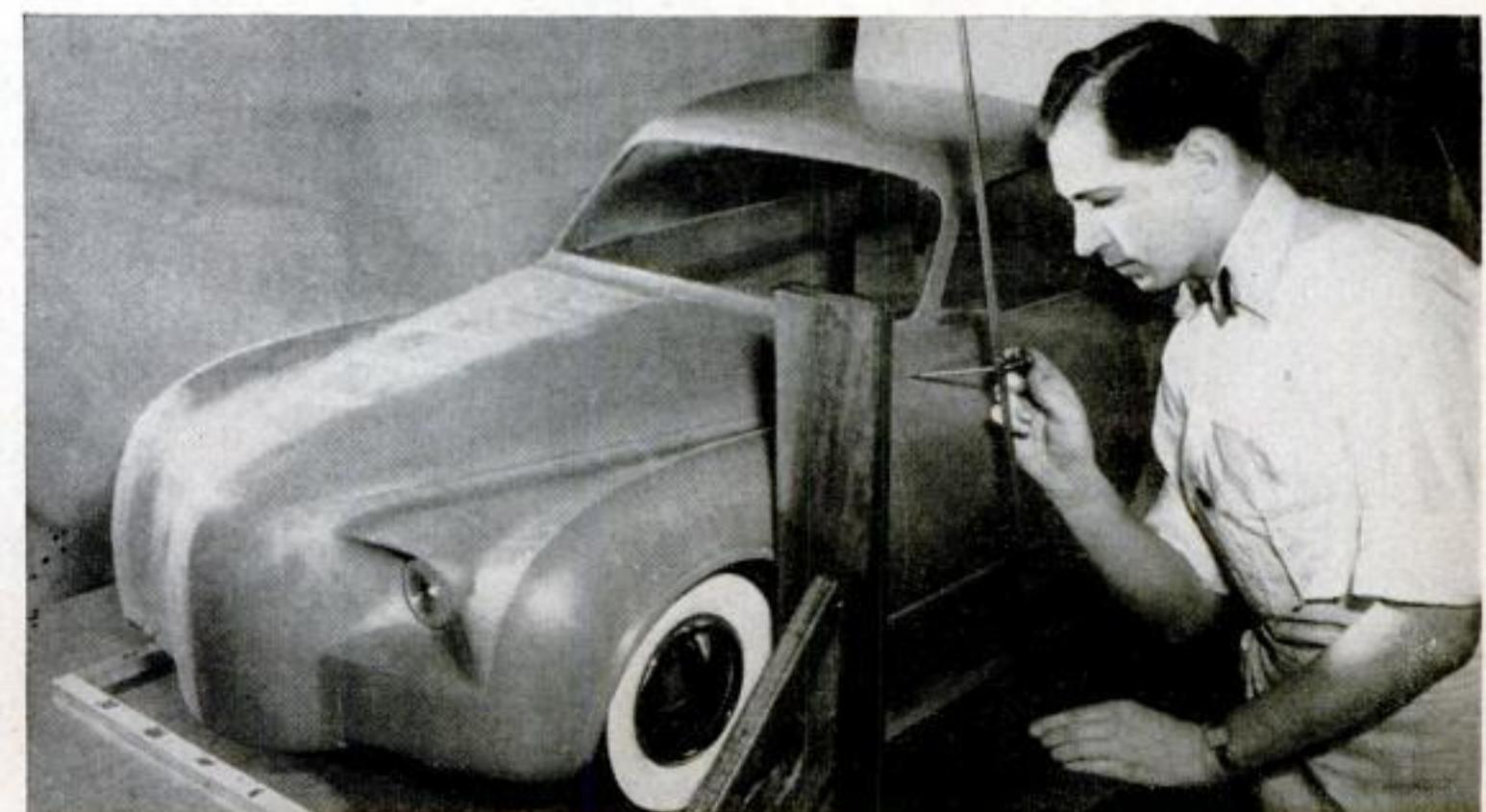
And when tomorrow's production model rolls off the line, proudly wearing the maker's insignia, it will be handsome, efficient, right for your motoring needs.

Because the automobile manufacturer—like the maker of bobby pins, breakfast food or toasters—knows that if his brand name doesn't satisfy you, some other trademark will! So whenever you shop, name your brand—and better your brand of living!

### BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION

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Exact Scale Model enables designers and engineers to coordinate mechanical needs, exterior style and interior comfort.



# WITCHES AND WONDERS

THE SALZBURG MARIONETTES  
ACT OUT CLASSIC FAIRY TALES

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY WALTER SANDERS

The world of fairy tales—where witches cackle, poison potions bubble, flowers grow from heart's blood and good fairies' wands sparkle as they wave—may seem a little tame to American youth indoctrinated in interstellar mayhem. But the witches and wonders have not lost their power to frighten and to fascinate. This winter they are competing with spacemen and cowboys through the famous puppets of the Salzburg Marionette Theatre of Austria which is making its second tour of the U.S. and has also acted out a number of the classic fairy tales for Trident Films, which plans movies for TV.

The puppets are two feet high and were carved under the supervision of Professor Herman Aicher, descendant of a line of puppeteers going back 200 years. In being adapted for the screen, the tales have been somewhat manhandled by the addition of a Lone Rangerish character called the Silver Minstrel, who keeps turning up in the nick of time to put things to rights. On these pages LIFE summarizes a few of the tales in their familiar, traditional form, as they were taken down from the mouths of old German wives by the brothers Grimm or spun out of Danish popular lore by Hans Christian Andersen. It illustrates them with pictures of the marionettes who seem to have soaked in the eerie enchantment of the world of once upon a time.

OLD MAG  
in *The Magic Tinderbox*

MALIGNO  
in *The Brave Tailor*

WITCH  
in *Hansel and Gretel*

EXECUTIONER  
in *The Magic Tinderbox*



## RUMPELSTILTSKIN

A king has been told that a poor little girl in his dominions could spin straw into gold; so he locks her up in a room and tells her to go ahead and spin. An evil dwarf creeps in and offers to do it for the girl if she promises to give him her first-born child in exchange.

Weeping, she agrees. He spins the straw into gold, and the king is so delighted that he marries the girl. But when she gives birth to a handsome young prince, the dwarf comes back to remind her of her promise. However, he says with a wicked laugh, if she can guess his name she can keep her child. That name is a well-guarded secret, but by luck she learns it. And when the dwarf comes to her chamber to claim the young prince, she says to him, "Is your name Conrad?" "No." "Is your name Harry?" "No." "Perhaps your name is Rumpelstiltskin?" Whereupon he enters into such a rage that, says the tale, "he plunged his right foot so deep in the earth that his whole leg went in; and then in a rage he pulled at his left leg so hard with both hands that he tore himself in two."

## THE MAGIC TINDERBOX

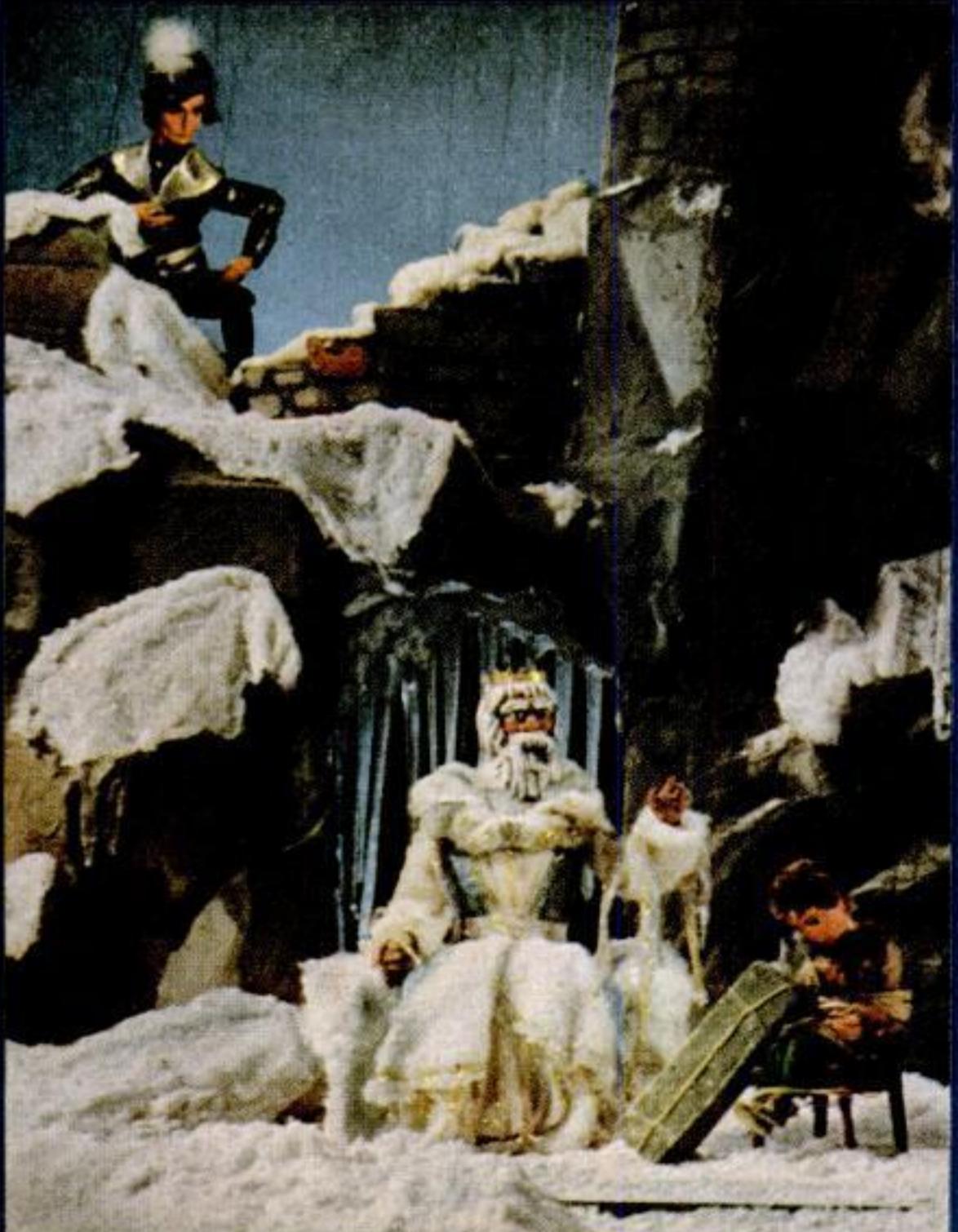
An intrepid young man meets a witch who tells him to go down a hollow tree, find a tinderbox there and bring it up to her. Getting the tinderbox is an awful job; it is guarded by a dog with eyes the size of saucers (right), by another with eyes the size of mill wheels, and by still another with eyes the size of the round Tower of Copenhagen. He gets the box nevertheless but refuses to give it to the witch. Instead he goes to the big city, where he discovers that every time he rubs the tinderbox the dogs will come and do whatever he wishes. He falls in love with the king's daughter, but the king does not like him and has him led to the gallows. Just as they are about to hang him he says to a little boy, "Run to the inn and bring me my tinderbox so I can smoke my last pipe." When he gets the tinderbox he summons the dogs, and they do such yeoman work that the soldier is made king himself and marries the princess at a wedding celebration which lasts for eight days while the dogs sit at the table and keep rolling their great big eyes.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



The frost-encrusted Snow King meets in his throne room with three of his attendant sprites to lay plans for the capture of a lonely boy.



Peter is tied to a chair in the Snow King's palace with a mold propped against him to collect his tears, which will be fired at the sun from a rocket launcher. Fortunately Silver Minstrel (upper left) has an eye on these proceedings.

## PETER AND THE SNOW MAID

In Russia they tell a simple and charming old fairy story called *The Snow Maiden*. It tells of a childless old couple who make a snow girl in their back yard, so beautiful that she comes to life and is a daughter to them all winter long. But when spring comes, the strong sun melts her.

In the melodramatized movie version of the puppeteers, the Snow Maiden is a pawn in the evil scheme of the Snow King to put out the sun. For this purpose he needs the tears of a lonely boy. He gives life to the Snow Maiden so that she can spend happy winter days with a boy named Peter Goodheart and make him fall in love with her. When spring comes, he makes off with the boy, he freezes the maiden to make him cry. But at this crisis the Silver Minstrel makes one of his Lone Rangerish appearances, takes drastic care of the Snow King (below), unfreezes the Snow Maiden and enables her to go on living happily ever after.





Snow King offers Peter Goodheart's parents a playmate for Peter for the winter—a snow image which he has brought to life.



Peter plays with the Snow Maiden until the first crocus of spring poking up through the snow announces that the end of their happy winter has come.



Silver Minstrel arrives (left) with sledful of burning logs, causing Snow King to melt into a puddle of water and ice (foreground, above). The Snow Maiden is warmed up by a dancing sunbeam and faces the future merrily with Peter.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



## FAIRY TALES CONTINUED

### RAPUNZEL

A maiden named Rapunzel, who has wonderfully long, finespun hair, is locked in a tower by a particularly wicked witch. Every evening the witch comes to the tower and says, "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair." Down comes the hair, up climbs the witch (left).

But a day comes when a handsome young prince observes the witch, hides behind a bush and hears all. When the witch has gone he steals up himself and says, "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair." Down it comes, up the prince goes. And so for many happy days. Then one day Rapunzel says dreamily to the witch, "You take such a time climbing; the king's son is with me in a moment." The witch goes wild with rage and spite, cuts off Rapunzel's hair, drives her out into the wilderness. Then she lures the prince up with the hair, drives him to despair so that he leaps into a bed of thorns and loses the sight of both eyes. Long he wanders in the forest eating roots and berries till he finds Rapunzel in the desert, where she has given birth to twins. She weeps on his piteous face, the tears cure his blindness, and they return to his kingdom to live happily forever after.

### SNOW WHITE AND ROSE RED

The dwarf wielding a magic bow and arrow on the opposite page spends much of his time mixing evil potions, with one of which he has turned a handsome prince into a black bear. He is greedy, spiteful, irritable. But being as fragile in body as he is vile in spirit, he always needs help. Twice his beard gets stuck, once in a tree cleft, once in a fish's mouth, and he is saved only by having its tip snipped off by two nice young sisters, Snow White and Rose Red. Instead of thanks he says things like "Is that civil, you toadstools, to disfigure a man's face?" When they rescue him from an eagle who is flying away with him, he bawls them out because his coat got torn in the scuffle.

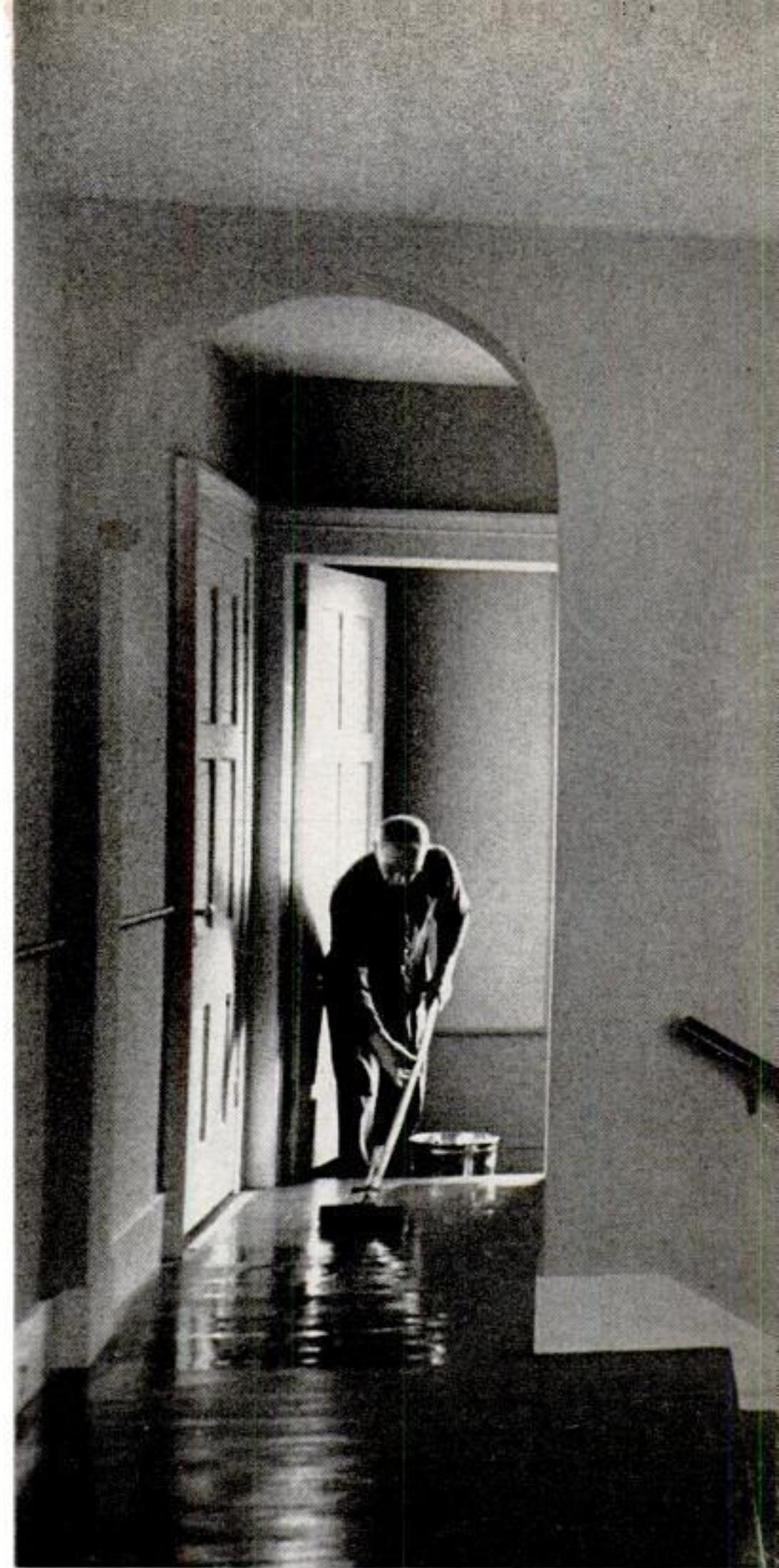
The uncomplaining girls not only never get angry at him, they also take care of a sad black bear who comes to their home every winter night to keep warm. One day the dwarf, the girls and the bear all meet on a heath. "Eat the girls," says the dwarf. "They taste better than I do." Instead the bear kills the dwarf, thus breaking the charm and turning himself into a king's son again. Then he marries Snow White, and Rose Red marries his brother.





**SUDDEN SNOWSTORM** settles down over village of Middlebury, blanketing Main Street and the

Congregational Church (*background*) and piling up on branches of the old elms that line village green.



**DILIGENT SEXTON**, Pierre Otis, mops church vestibule on Sunday morning. Otis has his duties

## *Life Goes to a Vermont Church*

All year long the Congregational Church in Middlebury, Vt. is astir with the activities of its congregation and the townspeople. But at Christmas-time the lovely old church is busier than ever, its 493 members finding extra meaning in the Reverend Walker T. Hawley's weekly sermons and looking forward expectantly to the annual bazaar and Sunday school pageant. Says the sexton, moving about methodically in the added hustle

and bustle, "If there was a place to put it, I'd bring in my bed and just stay here until after Christmas."

Through the years the church has endeared itself to all the townspeople of Middlebury, who like the way it sits quietly at the head of Main Street, clearly visible to everyone in town at all times of the day and in all weathers (*above, left*). Their affection is enhanced by the beauty of

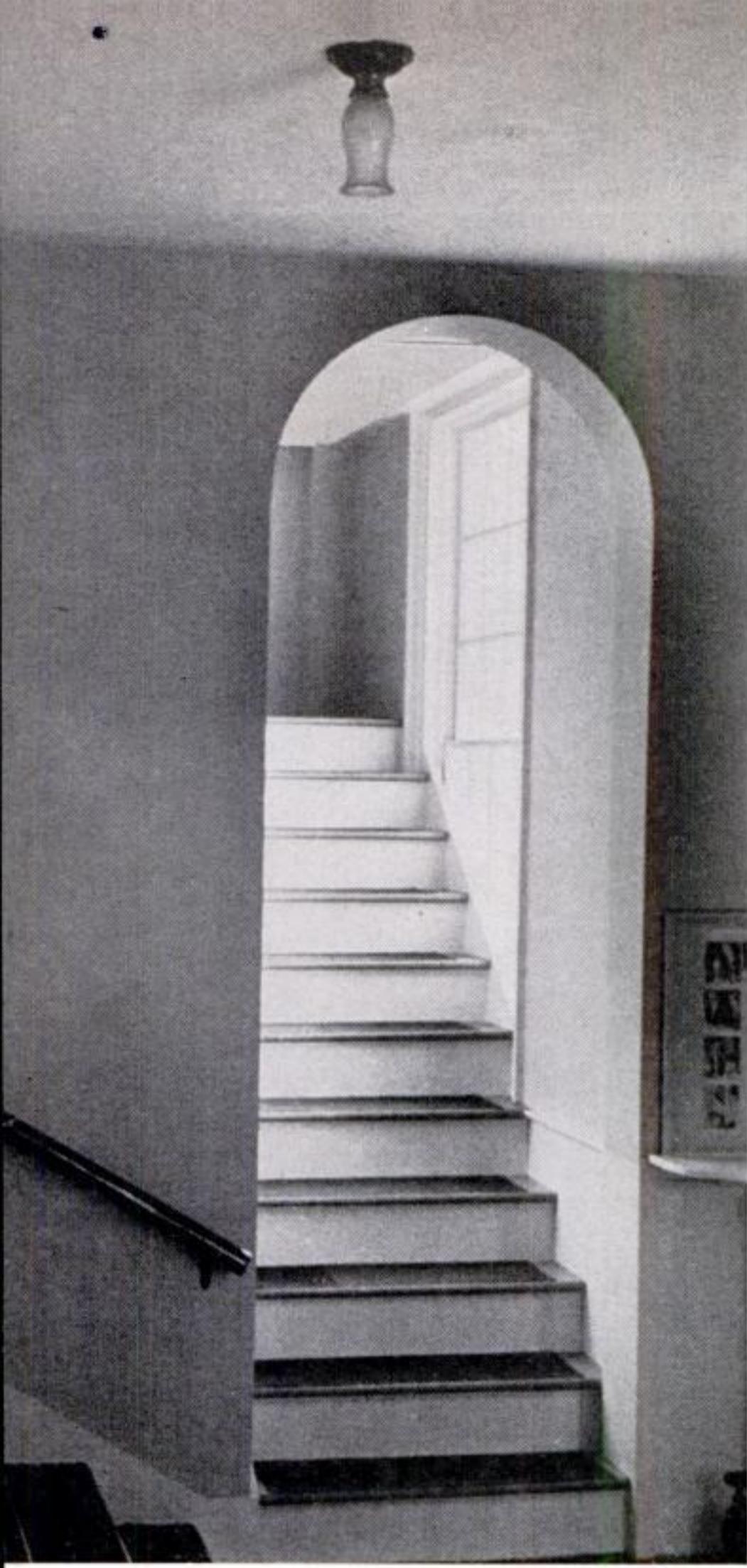


**WINDING CLOCK** once a week, Otis cranks 220 revolutions for striking mechanism, 104 for clock.



**LOOKING AT FILMSTRIPS**, Sunday school pupils get some modernized instruction on Biblical

history and origins of the Old Testament as background for the recent revised version of the Bible.



carefully scheduled—some daily and some weekly. "I always dust the gallery," he says, "for Easter."



SUNDAY SERMON is given by Mr. Hawley. Narrow settee behind pulpit was installed around 1900

by short minister. Window above it, for many years covered with plaster, was revealed in restoration.

## STATELY OLD HOUSE OF WORSHIP APPROACHES ITS 144TH CHRISTMAS

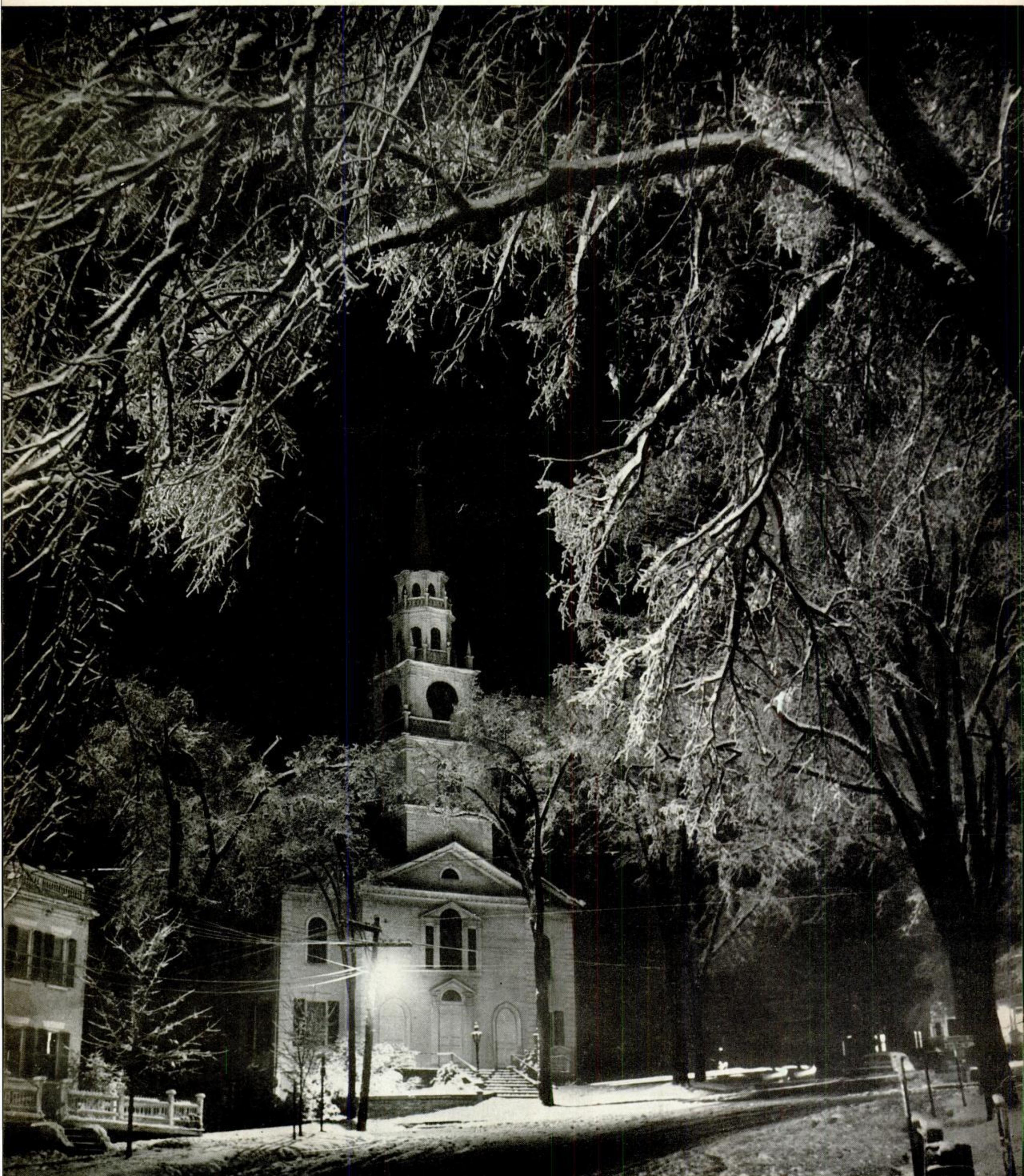
the building itself, which was designed by Lavius Fillmore, a cousin of Millard Fillmore, and completed in 1809. Its members have kept it in top condition, giving it a thorough restoration in 1923-25 and guarding it assiduously against the danger of fire. A masterpiece of New England church architecture, its spire sometimes takes on an extra gracefulness (*next page*), when the soft, early winter snows fall on the Vermont town.



OLD MEMBERS, Mrs. Jessica Swift and Mrs. Mary Manchester, bow heads in prayer. Mrs. Manchester was in her youth "the prettiest girl in Middlebury."



SERVICE ENDED, Mr. Hawley chats with members as they file out the main door. Door remains unlocked Sunday, for worshipers or admiring sightseers.



**A SNOWY STILLNESS** takes over Middlebury after the storm which swept northern New England in mid-December as the newly fallen whiteness, clinging

to the trees, creates a lacy frame for the old community house (*left*) and for the stately church with its neatly piled tower rising elegantly over the town.

# Rum

## FOUR GREAT EARLY AMERICAN HOLIDAY DRINKS

Traditional party favorites ~  
delicious with Puerto Rican Rum

In early American homes Rum was as much a part of the holiday scene as holly and plum pudding.

Here are the great rum recipes. Enjoy them now with the best of rums—brands marked "Puerto Rican Rum" on the label. This means the rum has the maturity required by law . . . distilled, aged and bottled in Puerto Rico.

### Recipe For Original Rum Eggnog

24 egg yolks, 1 lb. sugar, 2 quarts milk, 2 fifths gold Puerto Rican Rum, 2 quarts heavy cream. Beat yolks with rotary beater until light. Add sugar. Continue beating until thick and pale. Stir in milk and Rum. Chill 3 hours. Turn into punch bowl, fold in heavy cream, stiffly whipped. Chill 1 hour. Sprinkle with nutmeg. (Serves 40.)

**SHORT-CUT RECIPE:** Major dairies supply excellent eggnog mixes. Simply add 8 oz. Puerto Rican Rum to a quart.

For Free Rumster Party Kits and other recipes with Rum, see your dealer or write to Dept. 41:

### Rums of Puerto Rico

600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



Original Rum Eggnog —America's Holiday Spirit for 250 Years. See "Original" and "Short-cut" recipes at left.



Early American Hot Buttered Rum — Greatest of the Winter Warmers—2 oz. Puerto Rican Rum, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 stick cinnamon, pinch of nutmeg. Place in pre-heated mug or Old Fashioned glass, fill with boiling water, drop in generous gob of butter. Carefully float an additional teaspoonful of flaming Rum on top.



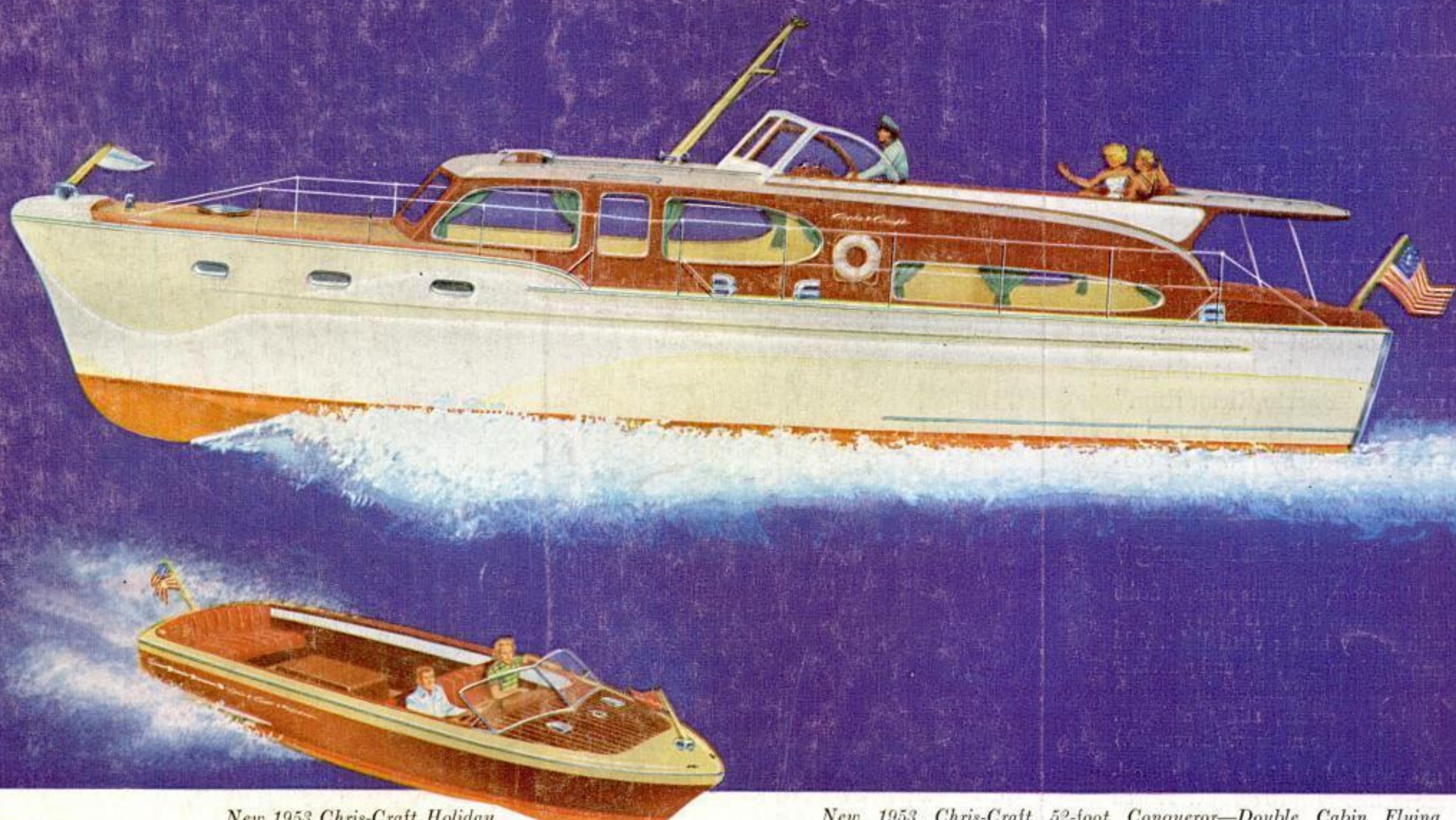
Highball — Old and New — Origin of today's highball traces to the simple Early American drink of Rum and water, taken usually from a pewter cup or beaker. Today's best highball recipe—1½ oz. Puerto Rican Rum, ice, soda or water, twist of lemon peel or dash of Angostura bitters.



Early American Rum Fruit Punch (modern version) Slice, dice ½ pineapple. Mix with ¾ cup sugar syrup, 1 cup lemon juice, 1½ cups unsweetened pineapple juice, 1½ bottles (fifths) gold Puerto Rican Rum. Chill 2 hours, pour over ice in bowl. Add 2 quarts sparkling water, 1 pint sliced strawberries. (Serves 20.)



# What is it about the sea?

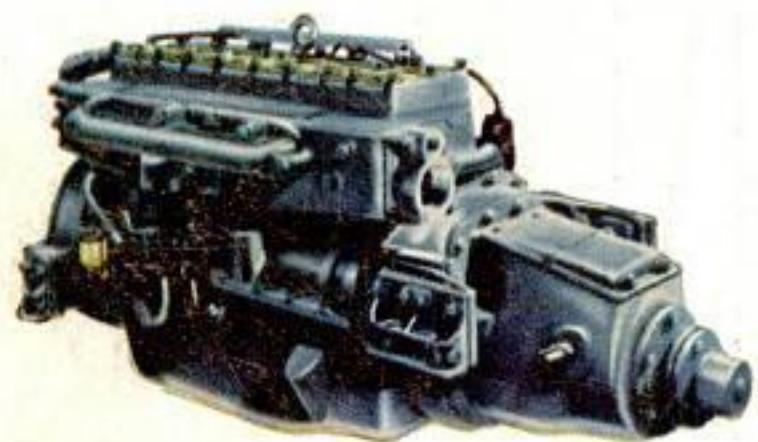


New 1953 Chris-Craft Holiday

New 1953 Chris-Craft 52-foot Conqueror—Double Cabin Flying Bridge . . . Super DeLuxe Sun Deck . . . Diesel power optional



New Chris-Craft Boat Kits for home assembly—8 feet through 31 feet



New Chris-Craft Marine Engines and Outboard Motors for dependable power



## —and about a Chris-Craft?

And why is it that the hum and the spray, the wind's lash and the stare of the sun make the boy a man . . . and the man a boy? From sleek runabout to majestic yacht, it's truly said: the lucky man who commands a Chris-Craft commands his own free universe!

**P.S.** New 1953 Chris-Craft are priced from \$45 to \$121,750. See your friendly Chris-Craft Dealer today.

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